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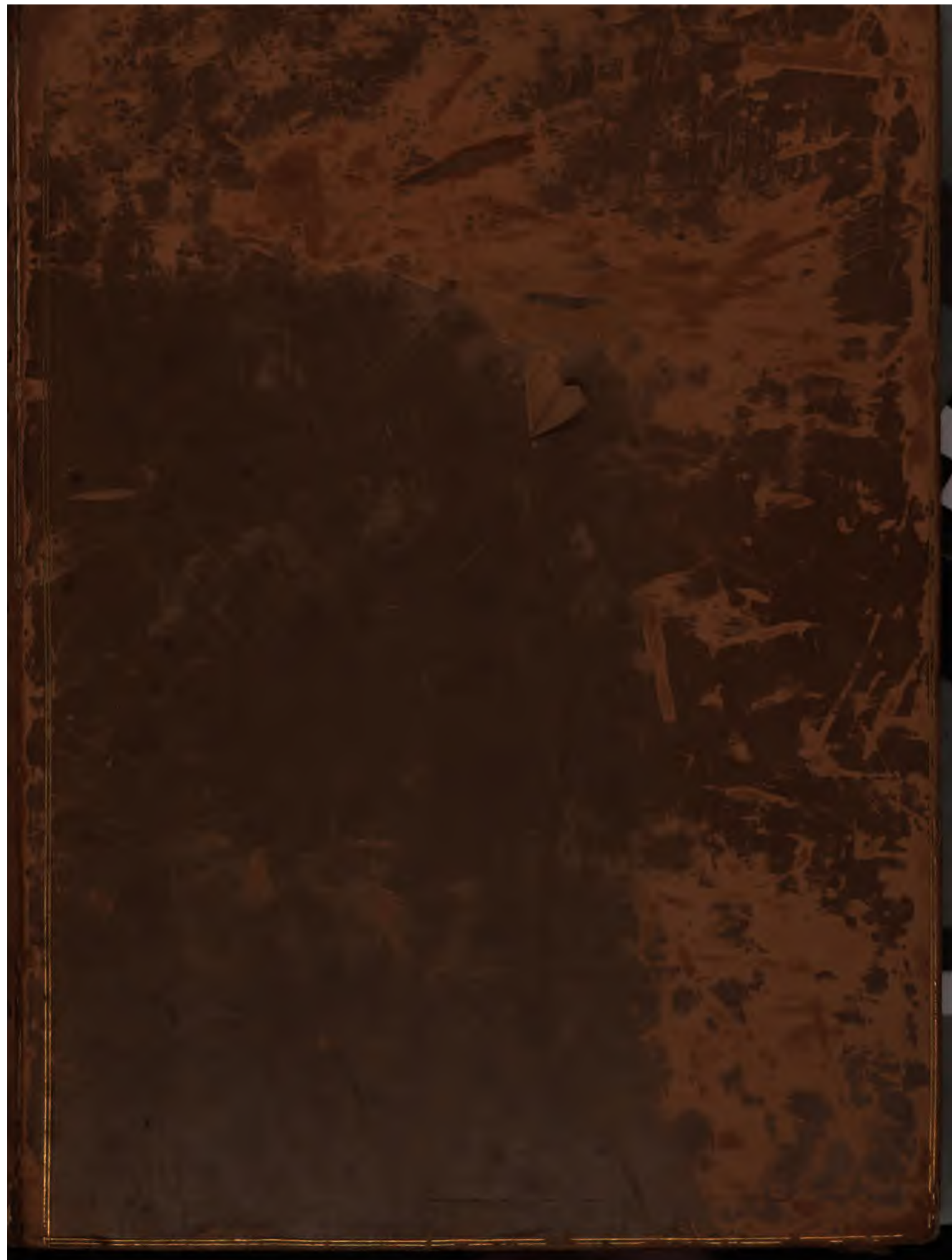
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ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
PASSES OF THE ALPS,

BY WHICH
I T A L Y
COMMUNICATES WITH
FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND GERMANY.

BY
WILLIAM BROCKEDON,
MEMBER OF THE ACADEMIES OF FINE ARTS AT FLORENCE AND ROME.

VOLUME THE SECOND,
CONTAINING
THE CORNICE,
THE GRIMSEL AND THE GRIES,
THE BERNARDIN AND THE SPLUGEN,
THE BRENNER,
THE TENDE AND THE ARGENTIÈRE,
AND
THE SIMPLON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR
THE AUTHOR, 29, DEVONSHIRE STREET;
AND SOLD BY RODWELL, NEW BOND STREET;
J. AND A. ARCH, CORNHILL; CARPENTER AND SON, BOND STREET;
COLNAGHI AND SON, FALL MALL EAST; F. G. MOON, THREADNEEDLE STREET;
SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT; AND
WALTHER, BRIDGES STREET, STRAND.

M.DCCC.XXIX.



LONDON:

J. MOYES, TOOK'S COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

THE PLATES

CONTAINED IN VOLUME THE SECOND.

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R O U T E
FROM
GENOA TO NICE,
BY
THE PASS OF THE CORNICE.

THE name of the Cornice has been given to that route which lies along the shores of the Mediterranean, between Genoa and Nice. Strictly speaking, it is not a Pass of the Alps, but rather a road by which the Alps are avoided. Its situation, its object, and its importance, however, require that it should hold a conspicuous place in these illustrations; for it was one of the earliest passes known between France and Italy, and, from its recent completion as a carriage-road, is likely to become one of frequent use, particularly for invalids. Hitherto, from the necessity which existed for travellers performing part of the journey on mules or on foot, ladies and persons in delicate health have been generally withheld from the enjoyment of this delightful route in their passage into Italy, and have been compelled to pass over the high Alps by the routes of the Simplon or the Cenis, where all that the art of man could accomplish has been effected to render the passes easy for communication by carriages, but where barriers of clouds, and snows, and storms, often oppose the progress of the traveller. By the route of the Cornice, the invalid, who leaves England even in the depth

of winter, may reach the warm and genial climate of Italy without encountering the Alps in his passage. From Nice to Genoa the traveller seldom loses sight of the Mediterranean, and then only for short intervals. The road is carried along the shores or round the bold and beautiful capes, whose precipitous fronts sink abruptly into the sea. From these capes the bays which indent the coast are successively presented to the view of the traveller, as he winds in his carriage round the promontories over a road of admirable construction, where, a few years since, a mule's back would have been considered a dangerous station on the narrow paths and giddy heights which overhang the sea.

The author left Genoa for Nice by this route in September 1826. Many parts of the road were at that time unfinished, and about twelve hours of the journey was accomplished by him on mules. During the summers of 1826 and 1827, the road, which was begun under the government of Napoleon, was made passable for carriages throughout; and the better policy which now seems to influence the members of the Sardinian government will, it is hoped, induce them to attend to its preservation.

Genoa generally disappoints the traveller's expectation: it has been called the superb, but the title has been improperly bestowed; the palaces have rather the representation than the reality of architectural enrichment — columns, porticos, pediments, and architraves, statues and arabesques, are painted on the façades, and sometimes even upon tawdry pink and yellow grounds; and what appears to be splendour is only pretence. There is, however, something striking in the appearance of the city: — an amphitheatre of houses rises from the shore and sweeps round the bay, but the hill beneath which Genoa is situated presents against the sky an almost unvarying line, with which the eye is fatigued and offended; and Genoa in a picture has seldom been picturesque. The roads which are now made to com-

municate with this city will greatly add to the number of its visitors. The passage of the Bochetta, from Milan and Turin to Genoa, is avoided, by an excellent road which leads from Novi, through Ronca across the Apennines. Along the Eastern Riviera from Genoa to the Gulf of Spezia and to Massa, a singularly beautiful carriage-road has been completed, which, uniting with that which it is now proposed to illustrate, leads the traveller from Nice to Massa almost the whole way on the shores of the Mediterranean.

On leaving Genoa to pursue the route by the Cornice to Nice, the traveller, after passing beneath the light-house of Genoa, crosses the valley which descends from Campo Marone, leaving on the right numerous villas and palaces of the Genoese nobility and persons of fortune, who have chosen beautiful sites amidst groves of oranges and citrons, whence extensive views are presented of the Mediterranean and its shores.

At the distance of about eight miles from Genoa is Voltri, where it is necessary to ford the bed of the river, as a part of the bridge which was across it has been destroyed; and the traveller is obliged to pass through one of the arches, instead of over it. Some of the remaining arches have been converted into dwellings, and present an odd appearance. The impetuosity of the torrents which descend from the Apennines after rain, renders it extremely difficult to build bridges near the estuaries, along this coast, capable of bearing the pressure and the action of the floods. It is necessary, therefore, at present, to ford many of the rivers, often to the injury of carriages, and discomfort of travellers.

The light-house of Genoa is an object seen at a great distance by the traveller on the western coast of the Genoese States, and marks the place of the city; but there is little in this part of his journey to interest him, except the rich character of the vegetation, in which oranges, myrtles, olives, and

aloes, abound. There is one spot, however, of great interest upon the route, the village of Cogoleto, which has the distinguished reputation of being the birth-place of Columbus.* Its distance is about eighteen miles from Genoa. Whilst the author was resting at Cogoleto for refreshment, he was invited to visit the house, and even the chamber, in which the great discoverer was born. That the state of Genoa attaches belief to the evidence that this was the place of his nativity, is shewn in the fact that a civil officer, a *préposé*, is stationed here, a part of whose duty it is to shew the house to strangers. The following inscriptions painted on the front of the house, in the Contrada Guiglioli, mark its situation, and point out its importance :—

* In an able and very interesting inquiry into the birth-place of Columbus by Mr. Washington Irving, in his *Life and Voyages of Columbus*, recently published, he concludes that Columbus was born in the city of Genoa. Mr. Irving admits, however, that at one time Cogoleto bore away the palm from other places which also claimed the honour of having given birth to Columbus. Mr. Irving's researches have invalidated all other claims except those of Genoa and Cogoleto; but his arguments have not removed the honour from the latter place. In a foreign country, every native of the little republic was a Genoese; and Columbus would have described himself as a Genoese, and not as a native of Cogoleto. Mr. Irving considers the strongest evidence in favour of the city of Genoa to be found in the declaration of Columbus in his will, executed in 1498, "*Siendo yo nacido in Genova*," I being born in Genoa. If this will had been written at Genoa, he might have said, I being born at Cogoleto; but in Spain, where the locality of Cogoleto was unknown, he writes as a Genoese: even now, every wandering boy from the state of Genoa, without regard to the place of his birth, replies to the inquiry, Whence did you come? Genova; and every native of the state, from Sarzanne to Ventimiglia, is a Genoese. In reply to one remark of Mr. Irving's, it may be said, that the great Andrea Doria, with as much patriotism as Columbus, and more power, never exercised it in favour of Oneglia, his birth-place, but of Genoa, his country. Mr. Irving mentions a codicil, executed by Columbus sixteen days before his death, in which he leaves a book "to his beloved country, the republic of Genoa;" and he admits that one or both of the two admirals named Columbo, with whom Columbus sailed, was a native of Cogoleto; but the circumstance, also mentioned by Mr. Irving, of the preservation of the portrait of the great discoverer by the families who claim him at Cogoleto is strongly in their favour; it is not pretended that this portrait represents any other than Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America; and this fact, in connexion with the tradition which has through successive generations pointed out the house in which he was born, and upon which the above eulogies were painted nearly 200 years since by a member of his family, goes far to justify the claim of Cogoleto to the honour of being the birth-place of Columbus.

I.

“ Con generoso ardir dall’ Arca all’ onde
 Ubbidente il vol Colomba prende,
 Corre, s’ aggira, terren scopre, e fronde
 D’ olivo in segno, al gran Noé ne rende.
 L’ imita in ciò COLOMBO, nè s’ asconde,
 E da sua Patria il mar solcando fende ;
 Terreno alfin scoprendo diede fondo,
 Offerendo all’ Ispano un nuovo Mondo.

“ Li 2. Dicembre, 1650.

“ Prete Antonio Colombo.

II.

“ Hospes siste gradum : Fuit HIC lux prima Columbo
 Orbe Viro majori ; Heu ! nimis arcta Domus !

III.

“ Unus erat Mundus ; Duo sunt, ait ISTE, fuere.”

The window of the room in which it is said that Columbus was born is at the back of the house,* and looks out upon the sea, upon that element whose unknown perils he afterwards encountered to gain an immortal reputation.

After Cogoleto, the traveller, on his way to Savona, passes several villages. That of Varaggio is rather large ; in its neighbourhood wood is abundant enough to be an article of commerce ; but, except in a few situations, it is not often met with in quantity along this coast ; and that which is most frequently seen, the olive, wants the forest character.

The road, or rather path, which formerly led from Voltri to Savona, was both difficult and dangerous ; there was no communication with this place by a great road ; and nearly all intercourse with its inhabitants was by water. In 1810, the

* Plate the first.

road from Savona to Genoa was made, and is one of the finest in Europe, except where it passes through narrow villages, or across the fords of torrents. This latter evil will be remedied.

Savona is the second city of the Genoese states, and it has struggled to rival the importance of Genoa; but the jealousy of the chief city has always been upon the alert to check its aggrandisement. In 1746, when Savona was taken by the King of Sardinia, its harbour was partly choked up to gratify the Genoese. A castle still defends its port. The neighbourhood of Savona is exceedingly rich and fertile; fruits are abundant and excellent; and its plain, which extends westward to Vado, covered as it is with villages and gardens the whole way, appears to be an extension of the suburbs of Savona.*

Vado, anciently Vada Sabatia, is situated in a bay, which affords a small and secure harbour, around which there are some remarkable caverns. A fine road is now carried round the headland, which divides the bay of Vado from that of Noli: in the latter is the little fishing-town which gives its name to the bay; it enjoys the reputation of having once been an independent state—the republic of Noli. This place is supposed to be the Ad Navaliam of the Itinerary of Antoninus. The town is deeply imbayed between the Capes of Vado and Noli: the latter is considered by sailors very dangerous, particularly on the eastern side, an aspect which presents upon every cape along the coast the most rugged appearance. The new road ascends from Noli, and has been carried with great boldness, by the engineers of Napoleon, through the precipitous rock which forms the Capo di Noli, where a

* The pride of the people of Savona is shewn in their boast, of the distinguished men who are said to have been born there. It has produced two popes, Sixtus IV. and Julius II.; five saints; fifteen cardinals; and a swarm of bishops; but their claims are not free from suspicion, when it is found that they include the Emperor Pertinax, who was born at Albe (Alba Pompeia), and Columbus, whose birth-place was certainly not Savona.

gallery, 500 feet long, has been excavated. The effect of looking from the pierced rock upon the deep blue sea in the little bay of Noli is very fine; and on proceeding towards Finale, the exit from the gallery presents beautiful varieties of marble, out of which the road has been cut, and a magnificent succession of scenes among the sinuosities of the promontory.

From the gallery the distance is short to Finale,* a little town, situated at the embouchure of a rich valley. There are two towns, Finale Borgo and Finale Marina: the former is half a league up the valley; the latter lies on the shore, and through it the new road passes. Finale was the end of the carriage-road towards Nice in 1826; but workmen were then employed in forming a road in continuation across the western cape, which bounds the bay of Finale, and bears the name of *Capra Zoppo*.

On attaining the highest point of this passage of the Capra Zoppo, a magnificent scene presents itself to the traveller, of the extensive and beautiful bay of Albenga; beneath him are the olive-grounds and vineyards of Borzi and La Pietra; and beyond these, the long white curve of the beach which divides the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean from the rich vegetation of the plain; in which, and upon the coast, towns and villages sparkle; and, landward, the view is bounded by the distant Alps and Apennines. Upon the sea the white latine sails of the barks enrich the scene like gems; and even the sterility of the ground upon which the spectator stands, renders the whole prospect more beautiful by its contrast; for the Capra Zoppo is rocky and bare, except where a few odoriferous shrubs and herbs offer another source of gratification. The descent towards Albenga is not so steep as on

* Finale is capable of being made an excellent port. The jealous Genoese, in 1713, fearing that the Duke of Savoy would purchase the Marquisate of Finale for this object, from the House of Austria, to which it belonged, bought it for 200,000 pieces of silver.

the side of Finale; having arrived on the plain, the road continues nearly level the whole way around the bay to Albenga, amidst scenes of great richness, and through the towns of La Pietra, Loano, Borghetta, and Ceriale.* Albenga is a town of considerable importance. It was known to the Romans as Albium Ingaunum, and several of their works still remain there; the principal is a bridge built by Proculus,† who was a native of Albenga.

In 1826, the passage for mules over the rocks, by which the path ascends that leads from Albenga to Allasio, could scarcely be traced, but over which the author has been informed that an excellent road has since been made. Looking back from the headland round which the road winds, the plain and bay of Albenga again present themselves in an extensive view; but the scene, though beautiful, is not so fine from this promontory as from the Capra Zoppo.

Allasio is a long, straggling town, rich and populous, with an air of independence among the inhabitants, whose chief employment is in the coral fishery. They sometimes extend their voyages to obtain coral as far as Corsica and Sardinia.‡

From Allasio the road proceeds along the sandy beach to Languiglia. After passing the narrow streets of this little town, it rises and doubles the Capo delle Mele, whence there

* The latter place is one of those which supplies vegetables, though so distant, to the market of Genoa.

† Proculus had gained great riches as a pirate, and, being ambitious of ascending the throne of the Cæsars, caused himself to be proclaimed emperor in Gaul, for which he was raised by the Emperor Probus to a gibbet.

‡ There is no part of the coast where the character of the people is more decidedly maritime than at Allasio. The cap of the sailor of the Mediterranean, which is usually represented upon the engraved heads of Ulysses, is still universally worn here. The women of middle age are generally bald, owing to a practice which they have of drawing all their hair to a knot on the top of the head. The reputation of the Ligurians for dishonesty is recorded in Diodorus; and the people of Allasio do not seem ambitious of a higher character. The author was advised against the imprudence of travelling alone or by night in their neighbourhood.

is a beautiful view of the bay of Languiglia, with Allassio and the island of Gallinara in the distance.*

Between Capo delle Mele and the Capo di Cervo, the next promontory, lies the village of Marina d'Andora; and, after crossing the bed of a torrent, and passing a beautiful villa, the road is carried round the Capo di Cervo, where workmen were employed in blasting the rocks in 1826. The road thence descends through the narrow and wretched village of Cervo to the valley and the village of Marino di Diano. The Castello di Diano is situated upon a hill, about two miles distant from the shore. Antiquaries report that a temple of Diana formerly existed here, of which there are now no vestiges. A beautiful little cove offers a secure shelter to vessels overtaken by the sudden storms of the Mediterranean. From Marina di Diano, after doubling another cape, the traveller enters into the rich and extensive olive-groves of Oneglia, which are so productive and so excellent, as to give to the oil of Oneglia a deserved celebrity.†

Near Oneglia is Porto Maurizio. The town is in a commanding situation, on a bold promontory, and highly picturesque. From this place to Saint Remo, the route is sterile, dull, and uninteresting: capes and coves succeed each other, amidst wild and barren scenes; heaps of sea-weed, collected for fodder, mark the poverty of the land, where nothing better can be obtained; and this miserable *trajet* from Porto Maurizio to St. Remo, of about sixteen miles, must be endured by the traveller, and valued as a foil to the general beauty of the scenes along this coast.

Saint Remo is a large and finely situated town: after Genoa and Savona, it is the most populous of Liguria, con-

* The island of Gallinara, a name by which it was known to the Romans, lies between Albenga and Allassio. Varro says that it was derived from the number of turkeys found there, which had multiplied from a few that had been left upon the island by some sailors.

† The principality of Oneglia was sold by the Doria family to the King of Sardinia in the fourteenth century; and here the famous Andrea Doria, one of their descendants, was born, in 1468.

taining above 15,000 inhabitants. The costume and the *patois* are peculiar. Oranges, citrons, and lemons, are so abundant here as to be articles of commerce.

From Saint Remo the traveller pursues his journey westward around the Capo Nero, where a bold road overhangs the sea; whence the view extends to Bordighera, and beyond it, to the Capo d'Aglione.*

In approaching Bordighera,† palm-trees are observed; but it is seldom that they are seen in a natural state. To blanch the leaves and make them more marketable, the trees are tied up, and generally present a most unpicturesque appearance; for they are cultivated as articles of commerce, to supply Rome and other Italian cities, and even Germany, with leaves, for the ceremonies of the church on Palm Sunday. The fruit of the palm, the date, never ripens here. After passing Bordighera, through zig-zag, steep, and narrow streets, the road descends and continues along a plain‡ which is terminated by the town of Ventimiglia. The distant mountains, which sweep down to the sea, enclose within the capes which they form, Menton, Monaco, and Nice; and beyond these the distant land, near Antibes, melts into the horizon.§

After crossing, by a half-ruined bridge, the wide bed of the Roja, a torrent which descends from the Col de Tende, and the last of the rivers which has its source in the Alps, the traveller ascends by steep and zig-zag terraces to the town of Ventimiglia:¶ in some places the windings are so

* Plate the second.

† Above Bordighera is the village of Perinaldo, the birth-place of the celebrated astronomer Cassini.

‡ The large reed, which is found in moist places all along this coast, grows here to a great height: it is very useful for fences, poles, and a thousand services where there is a scarcity of wood.

§ Plate the third.

¶ Ventimiglia is said to have been formerly the western boundary of the Ligurians, who were called *Ligures Intimellii*, and this town *Albium Intimelum*. If the Roja formed the frontier of Liguria, Ventimiglia must have belonged to a neighbouring people, as it is situated on the western side of this river; but some have conjectured that the Ligurians

abrupt, that he sees up and down the street or terrace whilst looking in the same direction.

The scene presented to the traveller, on looking back upon Ventimiglia from the high road towards Nice, which is carried along the edge of the cliff, is very striking, particularly of the coast immediately below the town where the deep fissures and vast insulated masses, formed by the action of the sea upon a soft soil, has given to the cliff a thousand fantastic forms, and where the thick entangling of the Indian fig, and clusters of palm-trees, give almost an Asiatic character to the scene.

After passing through the village of Mortole, and making a detour to avoid a deep ravine, a beautiful scene is presented on looking back over the ravine to Mortole, to Ventimiglia, and the coast to the Capo Nero.* About a mile before arriving at Menton, the traveller passes one of the most noble works upon the route of the Cornice,—the Pont St. Louis, which is a single arch of great span, thrown across the Baussi Rossi,† a ravine of fearful depth. To have a just idea of the magnificence of this undertaking, it is necessary to enter a vineyard on the lower side of the bridge. The wild aspect of the gorge is thence very striking: numerous caverns, and one of great magnitude, open into this deep and dark recess, above which the pinnacled and sterile rocks rise to an appalling height. Half-way down the ravine, an old aqueduct serves to convey a small stream which issues from the fissures to some terraces which have been planted with vines; whilst

were a people extending to and including Marseilles. It is known, however, that Ventimiglia was annexed to Provence, when this country was possessed by the famous Joan of Naples; for she sold it to the Genoese, of whose states it afterwards became the western frontier.

* Plate the fourth.

† The rocks and caverns of the Baussi Rossi are particularly described by Saussure, § 1381. And Amoretti says of them, “ Se vedrete, com' è vostro pensiero, questo dirupo dal mare, sembreravvi lo spaccato della reggia d'Eolo, per le tante caverne d'ogni forma e misura e colore che ivi scorgerete.”

on the other brink of the ravine, upon which the spectator stands, he is shadowed by the vines of a delicious muscat grape, and perfumed by the flowers of the jasmine, which grow luxuriantly around him.* The Pont St. Louis was finished whilst Napoleon was in power; and upon its completion, the préfet and other officers of the department of the Maritime Alps gave a dinner in the great cavern to a large party. Their *vivas* to Napoleon are still echoed amidst these rocks by every traveller.

At Menton, a pleasant, rich, and populous little town, commences the principality of Monaco,† a territory of small extent, including Monaco, Menton, and Rocca-bruno. An excellent carriage-road from Menton, leads over Cape Martin‡ to Monaco, a distance of about eight miles: a more delightful excursion cannot be imagined. Just before arriving at Rocca-bruno, the road divides, and the route to Nice is continued on the right; that to Monaco descends amidst vines, olives, and mulberries, oranges, citrons, and bergamots, services and caroubiers;§ and delicious odours are exhaled from the trees, which shelter the traveller from the fervent sun which pours its unrestrained rays through the deep blue of a cloudless sky.

The views presented through the occasional spaces between the trees are highly picturesque. The little bay of Monaco is seen within the rocky promontory upon which the town and fort are built. The lines of the fortification present an appearance of strength, particularly at the extremity of this rock, which, from a great height, descends precipitously

* Title Vignette.

† The Prince of Monaco is a member of the Grimaldi family, and holds his petty state under the protection of France. It is said that the first Grimaldi was invested with this principality by Otho the First, in the tenth century.

‡ "This tongue of land," says the author of *Description Routière et Géographique de l'Empire Français*, "is occupied by a pleasure-house, gardens, and a chase, belonging to the Prince of Monaco. Its situation offers beauties so romantic, a solitude so calm, an air so pure, and excites emotions so sweet and melancholy, that an English enthusiast asked and obtained permission to build a tomb there for his family."

§ A tree cultivated for the large sweet pods, like beans, which it produces.

to the sea. The town contains about 1000 inhabitants. Strabo mentions the Greek origin of Monaco. It has been fabulously attributed to Hercules himself, and it was called by the ancients *Portus Herculis Monæci*.*

The Capo d'Aglio rises boldly above Monaco, and presents a rocky and sterile summit, which is a grand feature in the scene. A difficult path leads from Monaco to Turbia; but the excellent high road to Menton should induce the traveller to retrace the route to where it branched off to Roccabruno, and then ascend by this wildy situated village to Turbia, which is remarkable for the ruins of one of the finest Roman works on this coast—the *Trophæa Augusti*—a trophy raised to commemorate the conquest of the Alpine nations by Augustus.† A vast mass of masonry still remains erect, though the ground is strewn with blocks and stones, and the village of Turbia has been built with the *débris* of this celebrated trophy. Fragments of inscriptions and bassi-relievi are found built into the walls of the church and village. This magnificent work, intended to perpetuate the greatness of Augustus, which was surmounted by his statue, and inscribed to his honour, would have long since failed of its object, if Pliny had not preserved the inscription which was upon it, in the twentieth chapter of his third book.

The Lombards commenced the destruction of this stupendous work by converting it into a fortress, and its further ruin was effected by the Maréchal de Villars. What remains attests the grandeur of the original work. The situation of Turbia is very fine, rising abruptly from the sea, at a height above it of 1600 feet. Continuing the route towards Nice, one of the finest views upon the coast is presented from a part of the road above the village of Eza, where the traveller

* Millin says, “ Elle reçut le nom de Monæcus (solitaire), ou parce qu'on pensoit qu'il avoit été donné à ce héros lorsqu'il y habita *seul*, après avoir vaincu tous ses ennemis; ou plutôt parce qu'on l'honoroit *seul* dans le temple qu'on lui avoit consacré, et qu'on n'y voyoit que sa *seule* image.”

† Plate the fifth.

looks down upon this remarkable village, situated on the summit of a conical hill, which is surmounted by the picturesque ruins of an old castle, seen amidst the houses which encircle it, and surrounded by deep ravines, hills, and valleys: far below lies the flat Cape of St. Hospicio, spread out like a map; still further, the bays of Villa Franca and Nice; and beyond these the land and the islands of St. Marguerite, off the coast of Antibes and Frejus. From this elevation the road descends by windings, finely constructed, to the plain or valley of the river Paglione, which terminates at its estuary in the city of Nice. The views of the rich plain and the city, which present themselves to the traveller as he descends, are strikingly beautiful. The fort of Mont-alban on the left, and the insulated rock which divides the city of Nice from Villa Franca, are fine features in the scene; and the distant tower of Saint Marguerite, off the coast of France, independent of its association with the history of the *Masque en Fer*, adds to the picturesque beauty of the environs of Nice.*

The passage of the Maritime Alps is recorded as one of the earliest known. In fabulous history, Hercules is said to have entered Italy by this pass. Mago, the brother of Hannibal, landed in Liguria with an army, which was defeated in Isubria, whence he was obliged to retreat across the Apennines, towards this route. It was probably the earliest passage of the Alps frequented by the Romans; for the Via Aurelia was the first which they carried beyond the chain. It was the road by which Julius Cæsar penetrated into Italy when about to engage in his contest with Pompey.† In the seventh century, upon the breaking up of the Roman power, Liguria fell beneath that of the Lombards; these, in their turn, were conquered by Charlemagne, who erected Liguria into a marquisate, and settled its boundaries as in

* Plate the sixth.

† Cramer's Ancient Italy.

the time of Augustus. When, a hundred years later, the race of Pepin became extinct, Liguria was transferred to the German empire. About the tenth century, the Saracens began to make frequent descents upon this coast, plundering and destroying the towns, and carrying off the inhabitants into captivity. To avoid these outrages, the people built their towns a mile or two inland, in defensible situations, and erected martello towers on the promontories along the coast: the ruins of several of these towers still remain.* A civil war arising out of the detestable distinctions of Guelph and Ghibelline, inflicted the next curse upon the unfortunate inhabitants of this coast: it destroyed their towns, their palaces, and their vineyards, and produced so great a desolation, that Petrarch says, the spectators who sailed along the shores were struck with astonishment and horror. Afterwards, the government of the Genoese for a long time fluctuated: sometimes it was a republic, free and independent; at others, under the kings of France or the dukes of Milan. The celebrated Andrea Doria, in 1528, re-established its freedom, which it preserved, though greatly reduced in splendour, through the vicissitudes of nearly two hundred and fifty years. In 1798, however, after severe contests upon its soil between the Austria-Sardinians and the French, it fell before the force and intrigues of the latter, and under their protection became the Ligurian republic. The events of 1814 again gave to the Genoese the prospect of their liberty; but the promises made to them were broken, and with these sunk the independence of Genoa.

The conquest of the states of Genoa by the French, though productive of immediate suffering, led to important benefits; and the wrongs heaped upon one generation were repaid by services, the value of which will be enjoyed and acknowledged by many. The injurious consequences of the ambition of Napoleon were transient; the benefits which he

* End Vignette.

rendered to the countries which he conquered have survived him; and the share of these which fell to the Ligurians, are remembered by them with gratitude. He ordered, in 1802, the construction of the road from Nice to Rome, by the shores of the Mediterranean, "to render the communication of France with Italy more easy, and to avoid, during the winter, the dangerous passes of the Alps and the Apennines."* This road is contiguous to the sea from Nice to Sarzanne, a distance of about eighty-five leagues. MM. Teulère, Auzillion, and Fèvre, were the engineers charged with the execution of the works, of which much was completed while Napoleon was in power; nor was the service which he rendered to these states confined to the great road, a part of which has been described in these illustrations. Upwards of one hundred and ten leagues of new roads, chiefly made across the Apennines, which will essentially serve the commercial interests of the Ligurians, were ordered, and mostly completed; yet they form only a part of a grand system of continental intercourse, the accomplishment of the greater part of which, and the commencement of all, are due to France and Napoleon, — they set the example, which Austria, Switzerland, and Sardinia, have honoured themselves by following; and the restraints which feudal prejudice and bad policy opposed to facilities of intercourse between nation and nation, have been removed, never again to be re-established.

* "On aura beaucoup de difficultés à vaincre pour la confection de cette route; sur un grand nombre de fleuves, de rivières, de torrens, on aura à élever des ponts, des aqueducs; et autres travaux, objets d'émulation pour les ingénieurs Français, et monumens de gloire pour le Prince qui les ordonne; elle cotoiera la rivage de la mer dans une grande partie de son développement; elle aura à traverser plusieurs mamelons, sur lesquels on n'aperçoit aujourd'hui que des sentiers rapides, étroits et bordés de précipices. On y remarque le percement du Cap-de-Noli, dont le passage offrira un de ces monumens qui caractérisent le règne de l'Empereur."—*Travaux des Ponts et Chaussées, depuis 1800, par M. Courtin.*

THE
PASS OF THE COLONY.



Drawn by W. Woodman.

Engraved by E. Pindar.

PONT SAINT LOUIS.
NEAR MENTON.

Sold by J. H. P.

London July 1828 Published for the Proprietor by Richard Howland Street.





Engraved by E. Fisher

London, July 1820. Published for the Proprietor by Richard, New Bond Street

THE BIRTH PLACE OF COLUMBUS

THE BIRTH PLACE OF COLUMBUS

Printed by J. Smith





Drawn by W. Broderick

London July 1858. Published for the Proprietor by Roberts, Bond Street

Engraved by W. Wells.

BOERDICHHEIA.
FROM THE CAPE MORO

Printed by Overhill





Engraved by J. G. Thompson

London, July 1857. Published for the Proprietor, by Richard and John Street.

VENICE

Printed by Richard and John Street





Engraved by E. P. Fisher.

London, July 1868, Published for the Proprietor, by Bell & Bell, Strand.

Drawn by W. H. Stoddard.

PLATE I.

Printed by J. W. Groom.





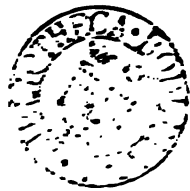
Drawn by W. Brockedon

London, July 1819. Published for the Proprietor by Richard, Broad Street.

MR. JOHN S. GUY, THE BISHOP, NEWCASTLE, A. M. 1819.

Engraved by T. Lawrence.

Printed by Mackenzie.





Engraved by L. M. ...
London: ...
Printed by W. ...

...
...
...





Engraved by W. G. Smith

Designed by J. G. Smith

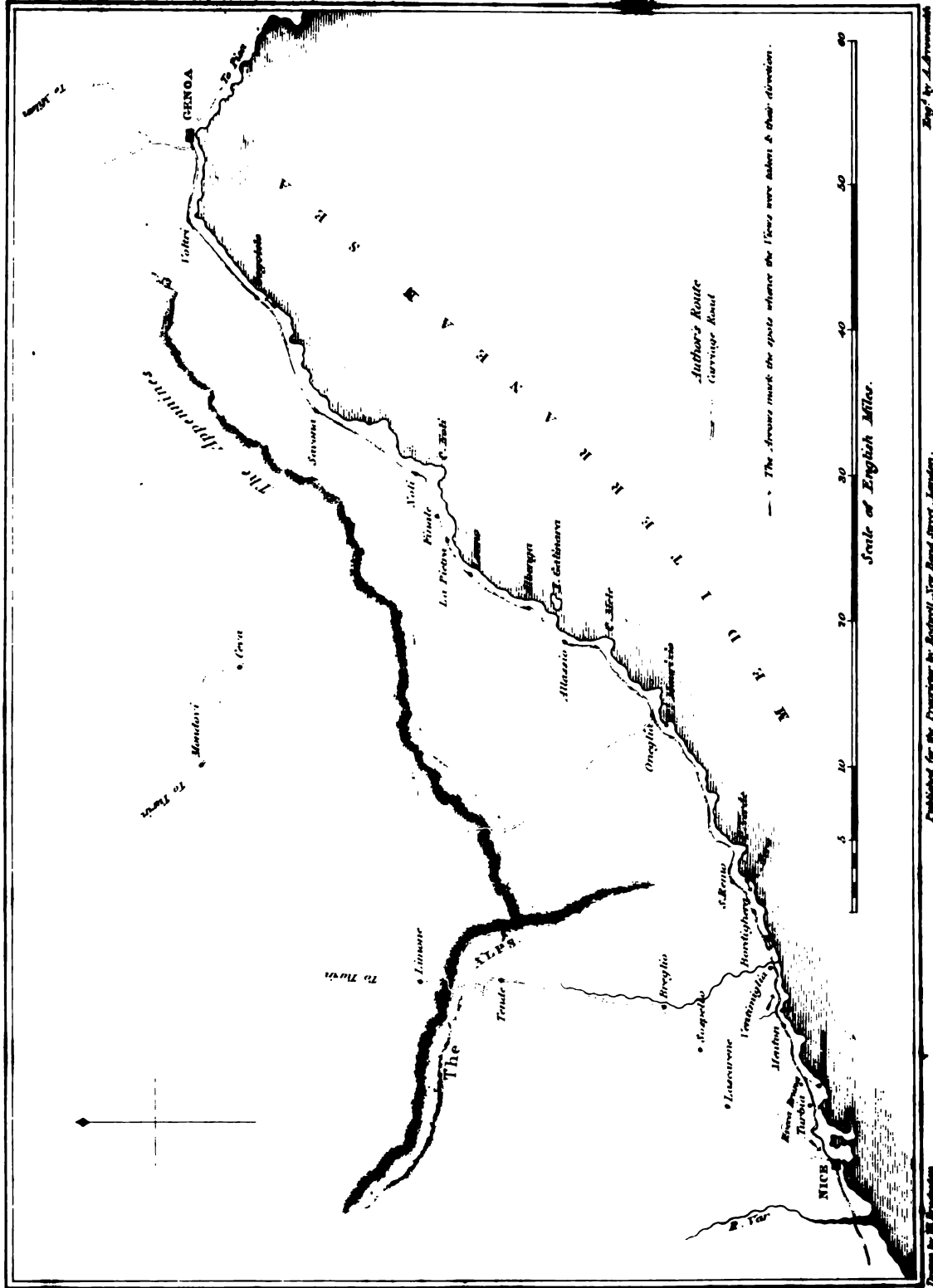
THE LANTERN OF TRUTH.
A WEEKLY PUBLICATION.

Printed by W. G. Smith

London July 28th Published for the Proprietor by Rodwell New Bond Street



PASSES OF THE ALPS.



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE ROUTE FROM GENOA TO NICE BY THE CORNICHE

Drawn by H. Brown

Published for the Proprietor by Rodwell, New Bond Street, London.

Eng'd by A. Brown

2

3

4

ROUTE
FROM
LUCERNE TO DOMO D'OSSOLA,
BY
THE GRIMSEL AND THE GRIES.

THE Pass of the Grimsel is much frequented in the height of summer: the fine scenery of the Oberhasli and the upper valley of the Aar, and the direct communication of these by the Grimsel with the Haut-Valais and the glaciers of the Rhone, offer inducements to the traveller to make this passage of the Alps, and will repay the fatigue of the excursion.

From the Haut-Valais a path ascends by the glaciers of the Rhone, to the pass of the Furca, which leads into Italy by the Mount St. Gothard; another route descends through the Valais to Brigg, where the great route of the Simplon offers its facilities to those who would enter Italy by Domo d'Ossola. The passage of the Gries, however, though a less known, is a more direct route to Domo d'Ossola, from Obergestelen, a village in the Haut-Valais; and it can be as easily accomplished on mules as the passage of the Grimsel, whilst the scenes of wildness and grandeur presented in the route of the Gries are no where exceeded in the Alps.

There are few events of historical importance associated with this mountain route; and it ought, perhaps, to have given place to some pass of more extensive communication;

but the picturesque scenery presented in its course, and the interest felt in the subject by those who have crossed the Grimsel, have induced the author, in this part of his work, to illustrate the route from Lucerne to Domo d'Ossola, by the Brunig, the Grimsel and the Gries.

A short and good road leads from Lucerne to Winkel, where boats may be taken to Alpnach, across that part of the beautiful lake of the Four Cantons which bears the name of the Lake of Alpnach, and into which the celebrated slide, so well described by Professor Playfair, formerly descended, by which fir-trees were discharged from the high forests of Mount Pilate into the lake at its base, with a rapidity and force which left the observer equally astonished at the fact and the contrivance. The slide has now fallen into decay. The last use which was made of this extraordinary apparatus was for the descent of the timber employed in building the new church and spire, the finest modern ecclesiastical structure in Switzerland, which was erected a few years since at Alpnach.*

* The peace of 1815 destroyed the value and importance of this slide to its projectors, as the facility of obtaining timber in Holland from other countries after that period defeated the object for which the slide was erected, the supply of the Dutch arsenals, and the demand for its employment failed to support even its expenses. It was finished in 1812. The engineer who conceived and completed the bold project of bringing down, from an elevation of 2500 feet, the enormous firs which clothed the sides of Mount Pilate, was M. Rupp, of Wurtemberg. He formed a joint-stock company of proprietors, who, with funds not exceeding £10,000, £3000 of which were laid out in the purchase of the forest, constructed a wooden trough, nearly eight miles and a half in length: the materials with which it was built, it is true, were of small value, and at hand in the forest through which, nearly the whole way, the line was carried. The internal width of the slide was generally about five or six feet at the top, and from three to four feet in depth, and it was formed of three trees, squared and laid at the bottom, that in the centre being hollowed to receive streams of water, which in many places were projected into the trough; other trees were then so laid parallel to these, that the internal form was rounded, and of sufficient capacity for the largest trees to lie in or to move along freely. This extraordinary trough required 30,000 trees for its construction. It was generally supported upon cross timbers; these were again supported by uprights fixed in the ground at various heights, depending upon the variation of the surface upon which they rested: it crossed three great ravines,—the depth of one of these, where the slide was carried round the face of the rock, was 157 feet below it,—and in two places it was passed under ground. The declivity of this slide greatly varied: for about 500 feet from its commencement, its inclination was $22^{\circ} 30'$, then it became less steep, and in some of its cir-

From the village of Alpnach the road ascends to Sarnen, a neat Swiss town, situated at the northern extremity of a little lake which bears its name, and continues around the eastern shore to the ascent of the Kaiserstuhl, up which the road winds to attain the lake of Lungern. At the village of Lungern the route ceases to be practicable for *chars*: a mule-road leads to the summit of the Brunig, or it may be attained by a foot-path, which is shorter, and lies through scenes that are beautiful from their retired and sylvan character, and in which the traveller sees nothing to remind him of his proximity to the Alps.

On the col of the Brunig, which divides the canton of Unterwalden from that of Berne, there is a toll-house and a station of *gens d'armes*: here the road separates; one branch

cultous turns almost horizontal: the average of its declivity was not more than one foot in 17-68; yet trees of 100 feet in length, placed root-end foremost into the trough at the top, were discharged in six minutes into the lake, passing an observer with the "noise of thunder and the rapidity of lightning." The trees brought down to the lake were formed into rafts, which were floated down the rapid stream of the Reuss, thence into the Aar, and by the Rhine to Holland; and within a month of their having left the forests of Mount Pilate, they traversed a thousand miles to the German Ocean. Napoleon had contracted for all the timber thus brought down the Rhine.

"We saw," says Professor Playfair, "five trees come down: the place where we stood was near the lower end, and the declivity was inconsiderable, (the bottom of the slide nearly resting on the surface,) yet the trees passed with astonishing rapidity. The greatest of them was a spruce fir, a hundred feet long, four feet in diameter at the lower end, and one foot at the upper.

"The greatest trees are those that descend with the greatest rapidity; and the velocity as well as the roaring of this one was evidently greater than of the rest. . . . In viewing the descent of the trees, my nephew and I stood quite close to the edge of the trough, not being more interested about any thing than to experience the impression which the near view of so singular an object must make on a spectator. The noise, the rapidity of the motion, the magnitude of the moving body, and the force with which it seemed to shake the trough as it passed, were altogether very formidable, and conveyed an idea of danger much greater than the reality. Our guide refused to partake of our amusement; he retreated behind a tree at some distance, where he had the consolation to be assured by Mr. Rupp, that he was no safer than we were, as a tree, when it happened to bolt from the trough, would often cut the standing trees clear over. During the whole time the slide has existed, there have been three or four fatal accidents, and one instance was the consequence of excessive temerity. . . . In rainy weather the trees move much faster than in dry. We were assured, that when the trough was every where in its most perfect condition, the weather wet, and the trees very large, the descent was sometimes made in as short a time as three minutes."

leading on the right to the lake of Brientz, another on the left to Meyringen and the Oberhasli.

From the toll-house, the Alps present a grand appearance as they rise over the wooded sides of the hill which sweeps down to the little plain and village of Brunigen. After a short descent, the vale of Meyringen presents itself to the view of the traveller, spread out beneath him, studded with villages, pasturages, and forests, and surrounded by the peaks of the Grimsel and the mountains which bound the Pass of the Scheidegg; the Wetterhorn, and the Eiger. When pointed out by the guide, the traveller may perceive the fall of the Reichenbach, descending from the Scheidegg, which, though actually of great height, and often a large mass of water, forms, from this spot, so mere a speck in the magnitude of the surrounding objects, as to create a doubt of its identity.

Meyringen, the chief town of the valley of Hasli, is a place of much resort to Alpine travellers; situated at the bases of the Scheidegg and the Brunig, and at the entrance to the Oberhasli, which leads to the Grimsel, it is, during summer, the point whence various excursions commence, or where many terminate; and it possesses for these the comforts and advantages of an excellent inn.

The fine fall of the Reichenbach, on the side of the valley opposite to Meyringen, and those of the Alpnach and other torrents which descend into the Hasli, give to this neighbourhood a deserved celebrity amongst the picturesque localities of Switzerland.

In ascending towards the Grimsel from Meyringen, the head of the plain is shortly attained, and thence the road rises rather abruptly above a deep fissure cut by the Aar through the rocks which separate, like an embankment, the vale of Meyringen from that of Imgrund. The view of the former valley is beautiful from the ascent to this embankment; and the road lies amidst numerous beeches and other trees which

remind the English traveller of similar forest scenes in England. The little plain of Imgrund associates with itself every pleasurable emotion which a pastoral life can excite—a place where Gesner might have dreamt his life away, it seems so separated from the busy scenes of the world. From Imgrund the road rapidly ascends through forests of larch and beech, and often overhangs at a great height the deep torrent of the Aar; thence descending towards the river in a narrow valley, the traveller reaches Guttanen, the last village where there is an inn in the ascent to the Grimsel. From Guttanen the difficulty of the road and the sterility of the valley increase. The Aar is twice crossed before reaching Handek, where a few chalets are established amidst glaciers and cataracts, and scenes the most stupendous, savage, and dreary.* At a short distance from the chalets is the great fall of the Aar, where other torrents joining it at the head of the “hell of waters,” they fall together with a horrible fracas into a deep gulf, which the traveller can overhang from some projecting rocks above, but the base is concealed from him by the mist in the basin which receives the torrents. Deep in the ravine the Aar is seen to pass on, a mere line, amidst the rocks that confine it: beyond lies the distant valley and the mountains which bound the horizon.†

The fall can be seen from below at a station where less sense of danger is excited, but the effect of the scene is not so striking as from the head of the cataract.

Above Handek the barren and savage character of the valley increases, and about half a league beyond the chalets, the road, rising high above the torrent of the Aar, and on the brink of a precipice, passes over the smooth, convex,

* The mountaineers in the chalets of Handek distil from the root of a variety of gentian the most detestable spirituous liquor that ever the acquired taste of man has taught him to endure.

† Title Vignette.

and inclined surfaces of masses of granite of great extent ; these are worn smooth by avalanches which have swept away the barriers that, from time to time, have been raised to guard the traveller in this fearful part of the passage, which is particularly dangerous when the surface has been wet and has frozen : travellers generally dismount here, as a slip of the mule's foot would be inevitable destruction,* and it is a situation in which a man can walk with greater security. The largest surface bears the name of the *Höllen-platte*,† and is 120 paces across. From Handek to the Hospice of the Grimsel, the Aar is often traversed on bridges, which appear to be ill-constructed, and in situations so dreary as to excite ideas of danger which do not in reality exist, though the foaming torrent of the Aar as it passes beneath would leave any escape from accident hopeless. There is, at a short distance from the worst of these, some relief from this idea of danger, if not from dreariness, at a little pasturage called Roderichs-boden ; about a league beyond, and over a road still rugged and sterile, the traveller reaches the Hospice of the Grimsel, situated 6000 feet above the level of the sea, where, during what is considered *the season*, scarcely a day passes without visitors ; and often these are too numerous for the accommodations which have been provided. The Hospice is an inn, and the man who holds it is appointed to remain there from March to November, to assist poor travellers, gratis ; the expense is met by subscriptions in Berne, Geneva, and other cantons of Switzerland : the situation of the Hospice is extremely dreary ; it is surrounded by naked rocks, and on the brink of a little dark lake, rendered

* The author was informed by his guide, that upon one occasion a person whom he accompanied chose to ride, in spite of remonstrance ; the mule slipped, the guide seized the clothes of the traveller, whose feet were fortunately out of the stirrups, and saved him ; but the mule fell over the precipice into the gulf and was destroyed.

† Infernal table.

darker by contrast with patches and beds of snow which lie unmelted through the year on its shores.* The greatest elevation of the passage is, according to Saussure, 7224 English feet. It is a short hour's walk from the Hospice to the summit, and nothing can exceed the dreary prospects presented to the traveller there, the bare and rocky ground relieved only by patches of snow on the borders of a still, small lake on the Valais side of the mountain, which bears a name as miserable as its aspect, the *Todten See*;† and beyond the rocks which surround the lake, nothing is seen but the tops of the mountains in the chain of the high Alps, bare, or clothed in eternal snows.

The descent to the glaciers of the Rhone is by a steep and rather difficult path. The first view of these glaciers from this route is, perhaps, the most striking in which they can be seen, because their entire mass is observed, from the summit to the base, bounded on the side by the passage of the Furca, which leads to the St. Gothard.‡ The source of the Rhone is usually visited from below, where the nearest mass intercepting the highest, leaves an impression greatly inferior to that which the vast whole produces. From the glaciers the road descends to Oberwald, at first across a marshy soil, then by a rapid path in the glen, below which the Rhone, already a torrent, foams its way.

After descending for some time over a rudely paved path, and through a little pine forest, near a chapel the traveller is struck by a beautiful view of the Haut-Valais, with the

* The glaciers of the Aar, in the vicinity of the Hospice, deserve a visit from the traveller; their vast extent, in connexion with others, exceeds belief; but withdrawn from the world, as these tremendous scenes are, they were the sites of manœuvres and battles between the Austrians and the French, during the campaigns of 1799, where many perished.

† “On l'appelle *Todten-Seelen*, ou *le lac des morts*,” says Saussure, “parce qu'on y jette les corps de ceux qui meurent en passant la montagne;” but Saussure has applied this name in error to the lake, on the borders of which the Hospice is built, which is the *Klein-See*; and the story of throwing the dead there is incorrect.

‡ End Vignette.

villages of Oberwald, Obergestelen, and the mountains of the high range of the Alps, extending to the Simplon. Oberwald affords no resting-place; but accommodation and civility, very different from that which Saussure experienced there,* is now offered to the traveller at Obergestelen, a village which was a great depôt for cheese, sent from Switzerland across the Grimsel and the Gries into the north of Italy; but the formation of the great roads across the Alps has lessened the traffic which was formerly carried on over the passes traversable only by mules.

From Obergestelen the traveller towards the Gries crosses the Rhone near the village, and descends through a forest of larches, on the left bank of the river, about half an hour, then turning through the village of Imloch, in the Eginenthal, a valley which descends from the Gries, the path rises towards this mountain, through a deep glen, in which there is a fine waterfall, and amidst vast larches, whose roots, and trunks, and branches, overhang the torrent which descends from the Gries, adding greatly to the wildness of this part of the passage, and giving to it a picturesque character; but the road soon rises by a rapid ascent above the vegetation of the larch, and the scene becomes as sterile and as savage as the approach to the Grimsel above Handek. At length the valley terminates in the glacier of the Gries, which appears to forbid all further progress; yet the route to the Val Formazza lies directly across it. On the left, and before arriving at the glacier, a difficult mountain-path leads across the Mont Luvino to Naufanen, and by the Val Bedretto to Airolo, at the foot of the St. Gothard.

The path by which the summit of the Gries is attained is very difficult, though practicable for laden mules: after attaining it, on looking back, the traveller is surprised to see, on the left, high above the valley of Egina, and even the glaciers

* *Voyages dans les Alpes*, &c. § 1715.

of the Gries, that chalets and rich mountain-pasturages, which are speckled with cattle, are still higher; and beyond the valley of Egina, which he has traversed, he sees the summits of the mountains of the Oberland Bernois. A perfectly safe path leads, in twenty minutes, across the glacier of the Gries; the greatest height of the pass is 7900 feet above the level of the sea; bare and scathed rocks rise in terrible grandeur out of the glaciers to an immense height; the silence of the place adds greatly to its sublimity; and the appearance, to the author, of one of the large eagles of the Alps, the lammergayer, which was whirling its flight around a mountain peak, increased the deep emotion excited by the solitude of the scene. The river Toccia has its rise in the glaciers of the Gries, whence it flows through the valleys of Formazza, Antigorio, and Ossola, to the Lago Maggiore.

After leaving the glaciers, the path which leads towards Italy by the Val Formazza rapidly descends, and the traveller arrives successively at little plains which appear to have been formed where mountain-falls had laid barriers or embankments across the valley, which were afterwards filled up by deposits from the torrent. From one of these little plains to another the descent is rapid and sometimes difficult. They are, considering their great elevation, rich in pasturage; and the cheese made there has a great celebrity. These plains are only inhabited in summer, except the lowest, where a little cluster of chalets called Kehrbachi, is sometimes inhabited throughout the year. The road still descending steeply, leads to another plain, where trees and the vegetation of a lower region relieve the tedium which the dreary passage of the Gries produces, and where the Toccia flows quietly through the little hamlet and valley of Auf-der-Frut: at the termination of the plain, there is a little chapel and a cross on the brink of a shelf of rocks of great depth and extent, unseen and unsuspected until the traveller has arrived at the edge of the famous fall of the Toccia, whence a difficult and zig-zag path leads down on the

left bank of the torrent. From below, the appearance of the fall is very striking,* though, perhaps, not very picturesque; the river tumbles over ledges of rock in a cascade, extending at least a thousand feet, and presenting from every point of view a remarkable and beautiful scene. About an hour's walk below the fall, the traveller reaches Fructval,† where he can obtain refreshment, and better accommodation than at Formazza, though this is a larger place, and boasts of possessing an inn.

In the descent from Fructval to Formazza, a deep valley, fringed with pines, lies on the right of the road, and the village of Formazza is observed in its little plain, lying amidst the surrounding mountains, which present a fine Alpine scene.‡ The language of the inhabitants of the upper part of this valley is German, and below Fopiano, Italian: the traveller sometimes suffers by the confusion which arises from German and Italian names being given to one place; thus Formazza and Al Ponte in Italian, and Zumsteck and Pommat in German, are all names for the same village; its distance from Obergestelen is about eight hours. Near Fopiano, the road, after descending through a forest of firs, crosses the torrent by a bridge, in a very wild situation:§ vast blocks of granite fill the bed of the Toccia, amidst which the water forces its way, and passing beneath the old arch, makes its descent between the rocks with a fearful noise. The scene in this gorge, for a short distance, is magnificent; thence the valley widens, and the road continues, often amidst blocks of

* Plate the second.

† The severity of the winter at Fructval is very great: the landlord pointed out to the author the height which the level snow had attained in the preceding winter, when it reached to the roof of his house.

‡ Plate the third. On the spot whence this view was taken, a hideously carved figure of Christ, such as abound in the Catholic cantons of Switzerland, had, after a fall, been replaced on the cross by some pious individual, whose eye was not sufficiently correct to nail the body within reach of the arms: at a little distance it had the appearance of some victim to public justice.

§ Plate the fourth.

granite of such enormous magnitude, that upon one of these the ruins of a feudal castle remain ; and upon several, forest trees are growing. In one place, near a bridge which leads by a path to the left bank of the river, the road passes between two of these great masses of granite.* The ruins of a village which had been destroyed by a mountain-fall, lies near the road, amidst the *débris* which overwhelmed it.

The character of wildness and confusion produced by the blocks which strew the valley, between which the mule winds its way, scarcely prepares the traveller for the fearful emotion excited by a vast, smooth, and unbroken face of granite, which, rising 400 or 500 feet, in one place actually overhangs the road. From the top a large tabular mass projects many feet, of which the plane under side is seen from below, threatening one day to fall from its present apparently insecure station. Pines are growing on its upper surface, and the increasing weight of these will perhaps hasten the catastrophe. A *wise* precaution, however, has been adopted against this probable accident : a picture of the Virgin has been fastened to the face of the rock below, and the peasantry pass with perfect confidence beneath it. A little beyond St. Rocco, the first vines announce the approach to Italy : walnut and chestnut-trees attain a great size, and vegetation luxuriates.

Near St. Michel the valley widens, and a little below Premia the road crosses a river, which descends from Mont Albrun, and falls into the Toccia : below this confluence the valley loses the name of Formazza, and takes that of Antigorio. Nearly a league from the confluence is the village of Crodo, where a Sardinian custom-house is stationed. Between Crodo and St. Marco the road twice crosses the Toccia, and the scenery is pleasing and various. A little beyond St. Marco a prospect of great beauty is presented : in the distance Domo d'Ossola is seen, in the Val d'Ossola, surrounded by the fine

* Plate the fifth.

mountains which bound the valley; and beneath the observer lies a little plain watered by the Toccia, which flows through it.* The road towards Crevola continues on the right bank of the river, amidst scenes of great richness; and at every turn some beautiful view is presented. Near Crevola the road from St. Marco falls into the great route of the Simplon, which, after passing the celebrated bridge of Crevola upon that route, leads to the town of Domo d'Ossola.

History has scarcely mentioned the existence of such a pass as the Gries, and no military events are recorded which have inflicted the curses of war upon the quiet inhabitants of the Val Formazza. During the demand for the services of the Swiss, in the wars of the 15th century, some divisions of their troops passed by the Gries; and when Switzerland became the scene of contest between the Russians and the French, the latter availed themselves of this pass for the march of a portion of their troops, but no sites are pointed out as stained by battles. The travelling historian, therefore, may be disappointed in his passage of the Gries; but the artist, and the lover of the wild and the beautiful in nature, cannot fail to remember with pleasure the scenes presented to them in their excursion by this passage of the Alps.

* Plate the sixth.



Drawn by W. Brockedon

Engraved by E. Finden

SCENE FROM THE TOP OF CHINE LAKE FALL, NEAR HAILUEN.





Engraved by W. H. Sturt

London, Nov. 21. 1833. Published for the Proprietors by Rudolph Smith, Street.

VALLEY OF MICHIGAN FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

Printed by J. H. Sturt.





Drawn by W. Brockedon

London, Nov. 2, 1832. Published for the Proprietor, by Rudolph, Broad Street.

Engraved by T. C. Yerrall

WALL OF THE TOOCIA.
NEAR FRACIAL.

Printed by Sharpe







Engraved by J. T. Williams.

London: No. 41, Pall Mall, for the Proprietors by Richard D. Lloyd.

Printed by W. B. Birchall.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM IN THE
VALLEY OF FORMOSA.

Painted by J. T. Williams.





Engraved by T. Denton

London: For Sale Published for the Proprietor by Richard D. Smith

Drawn by W. B. Woodhouse

SCIENTIFIC MOUNTAINS.
VAL FEMALIO.

Printed by Denton





Engraved by E. Fisher.

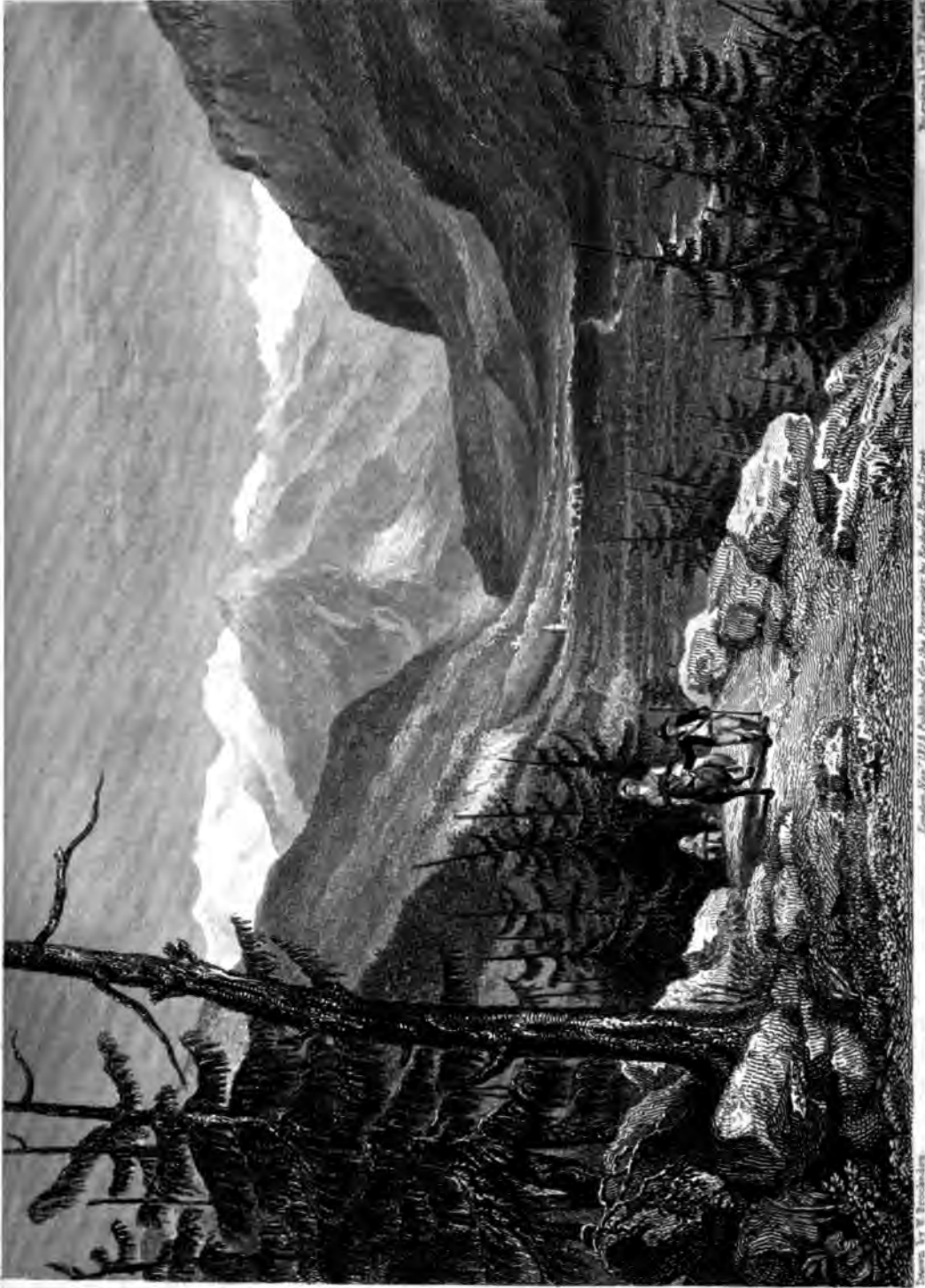
London, Nov. 1836, Published for the Proprietors by Richard Smith Street.

DOMO D'OSOLA, FROM SAINT MARCO.

Printed by J. Smith.

Drawn by W. Smith.





VALLEY OF MONTICEN FROM THE BRUNNEN.

Printed by J. H. B. 1848.





Engraved by J. C. Verrall

London, Nov. 7, 1846. Published for the Proprietor, by Rodwell, Bond Street.

Drawn by W. H. Stodden

FALL OF THE TOSCHIA.
NEAR FRACTAL

Printed by Rodwell



ROUTE
FROM
COIRE TO LUGANO,
BY
THE PASS OF THE BERNARDIN.

It is to the spirit and power of Napoleon that the world is indebted for the formation, among others, of those great routes across the Alps, the Simplon and the Cenis; and his example has led other governments to the construction of similar roads, that are little inferior to those which are so celebrated. Napoleon not only overcame the difficulties presented by nature, in the mighty barrier of the Alps, to the intercourse of the different people which it divided, but he achieved a still greater conquest by destroying the prejudices of those nations who had opposed the making of such roads as would facilitate future communication.

Before the completion of the Simplon, the only roads practicable across the Alps for carriages were those of the Brenner and the Tende—passes which are situated almost at the extremities of the great chain, and formed merely to open a more free communication between states and provinces subject to the same government. Now, however, national jealousies have been removed, and a more enlightened policy has extended commercial intercourse: mule paths have been superseded by carriage roads; and not only have the governments of Austria, Sardinia, and Switzerland, carefully preserved the routes in the great lines of communication which





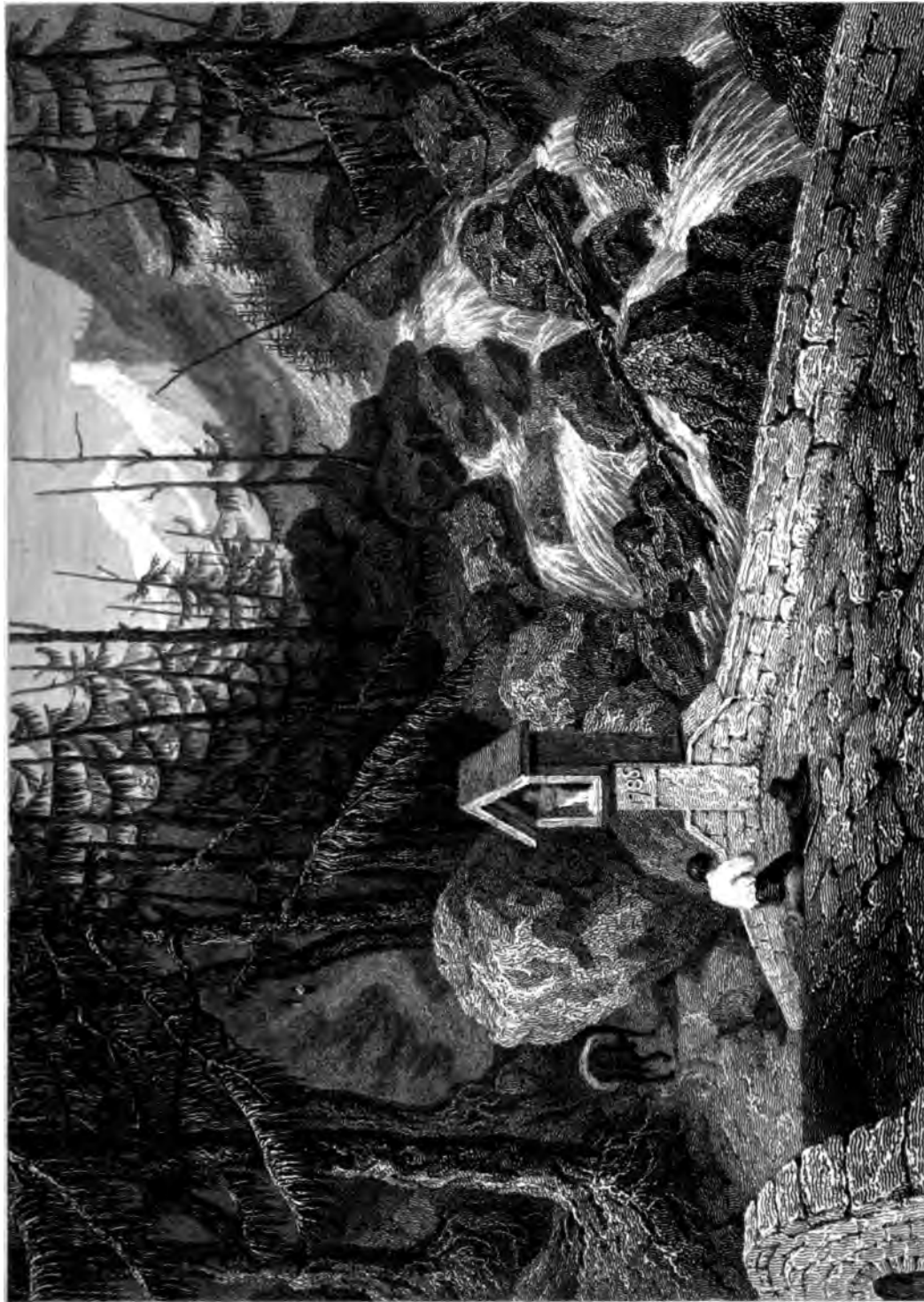
Engraved by W. B. Woodhouse

London: No. 11, Pall Mall, 1841. Published for the Proprietors by John W. Parker, Strand.

FORMAZZA.

Printed by S. H. Mansel





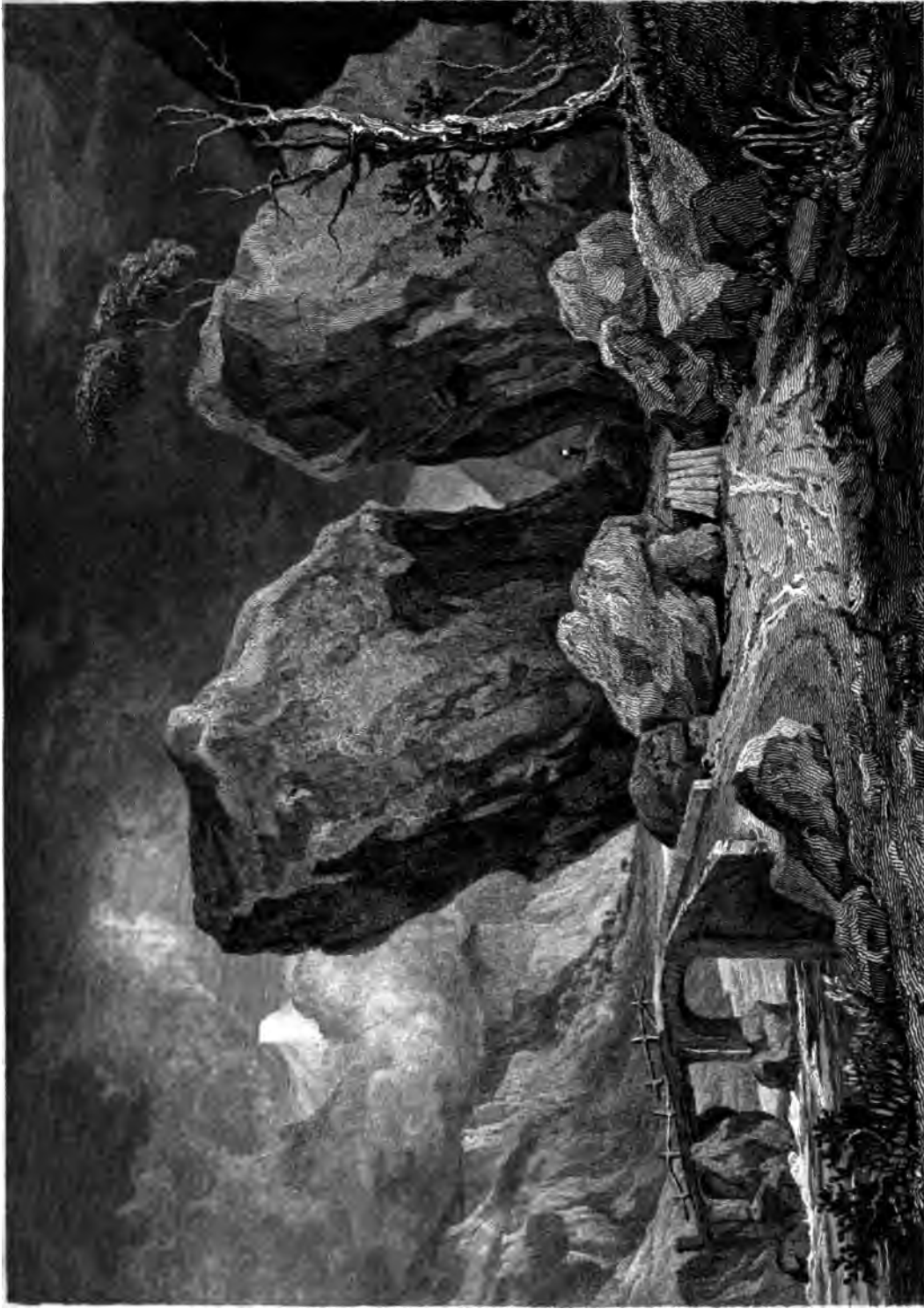
Engraved by J. W. B. Jones

London: In 1866 Published for the Proprietor by Richard Bland Street

THE HOUSE OF THE MOUNTAIN.
VAL FORMAZZA.







Engraved by T. Agnew

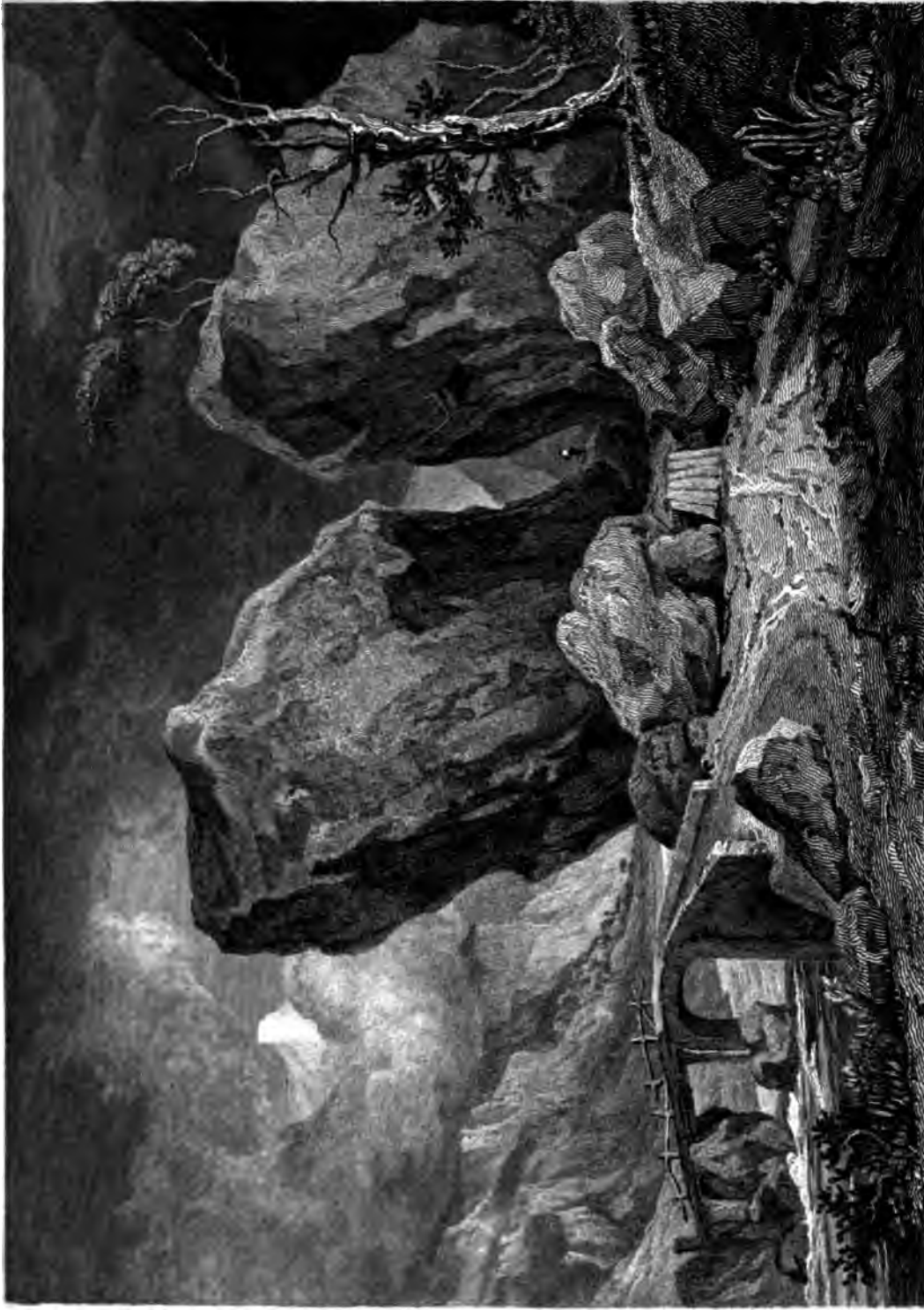
Litho. by T. Agnew & Sons, 15, Abchurch Lane, London

Printed by W. Agnew & Sons

VAL FORMAZIO.

Printed by Agnew





Engraved by T. J. Moore

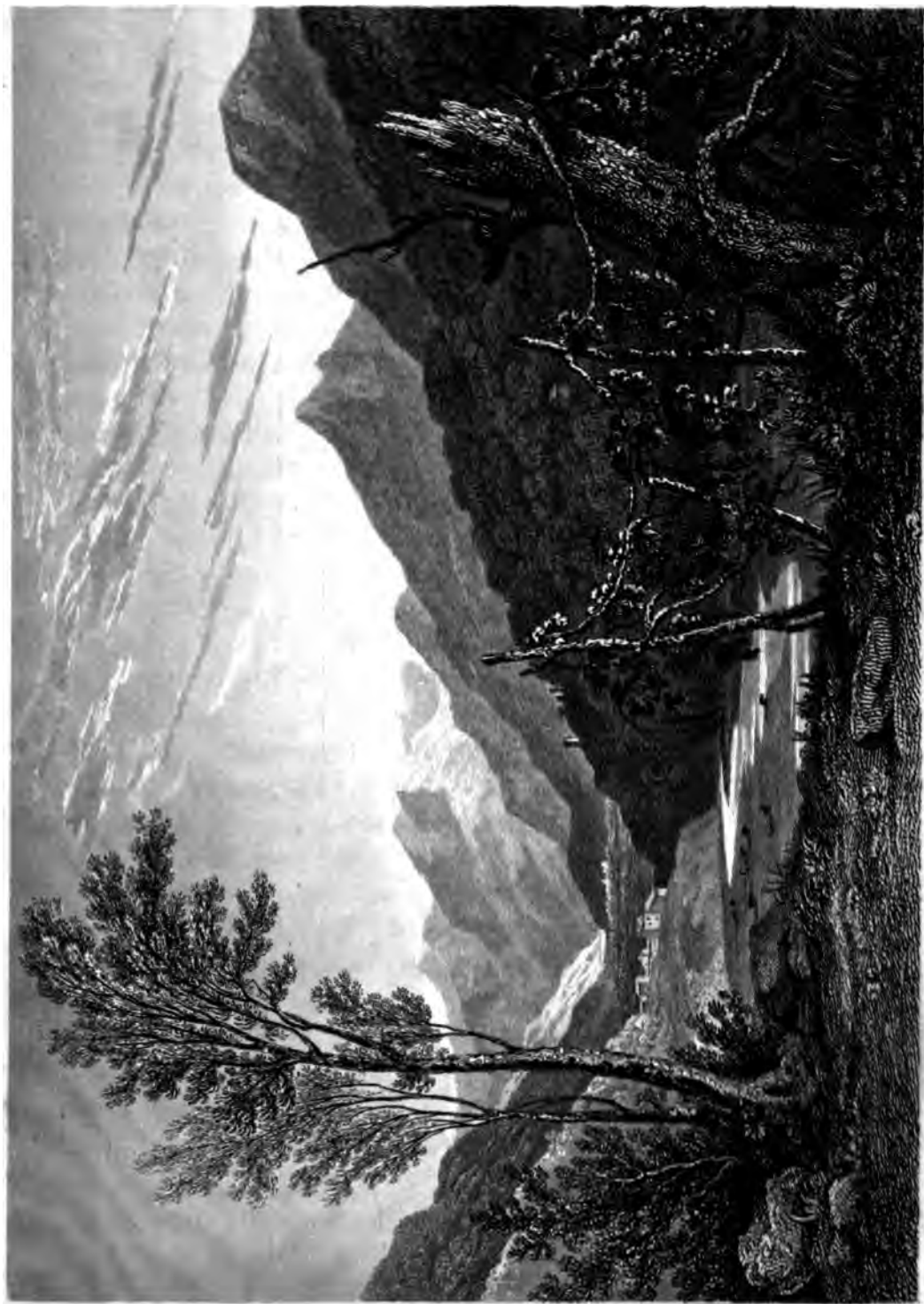
Published by the Author, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4

Printed by W. B. Whittaker

THE
VAN P. H. H. H. H.

Printed by Whittaker





Engraved by R. P. Fisher

London, Nov. 1850. Published for the Proprietor by Richard D. Smith.

Printed by W. B. Smith.

THE MOUNTAINS, FROM SAINT MARY'S.

Printed by W. B. Smith.





View of the Mountains

Engraved by T. Packer

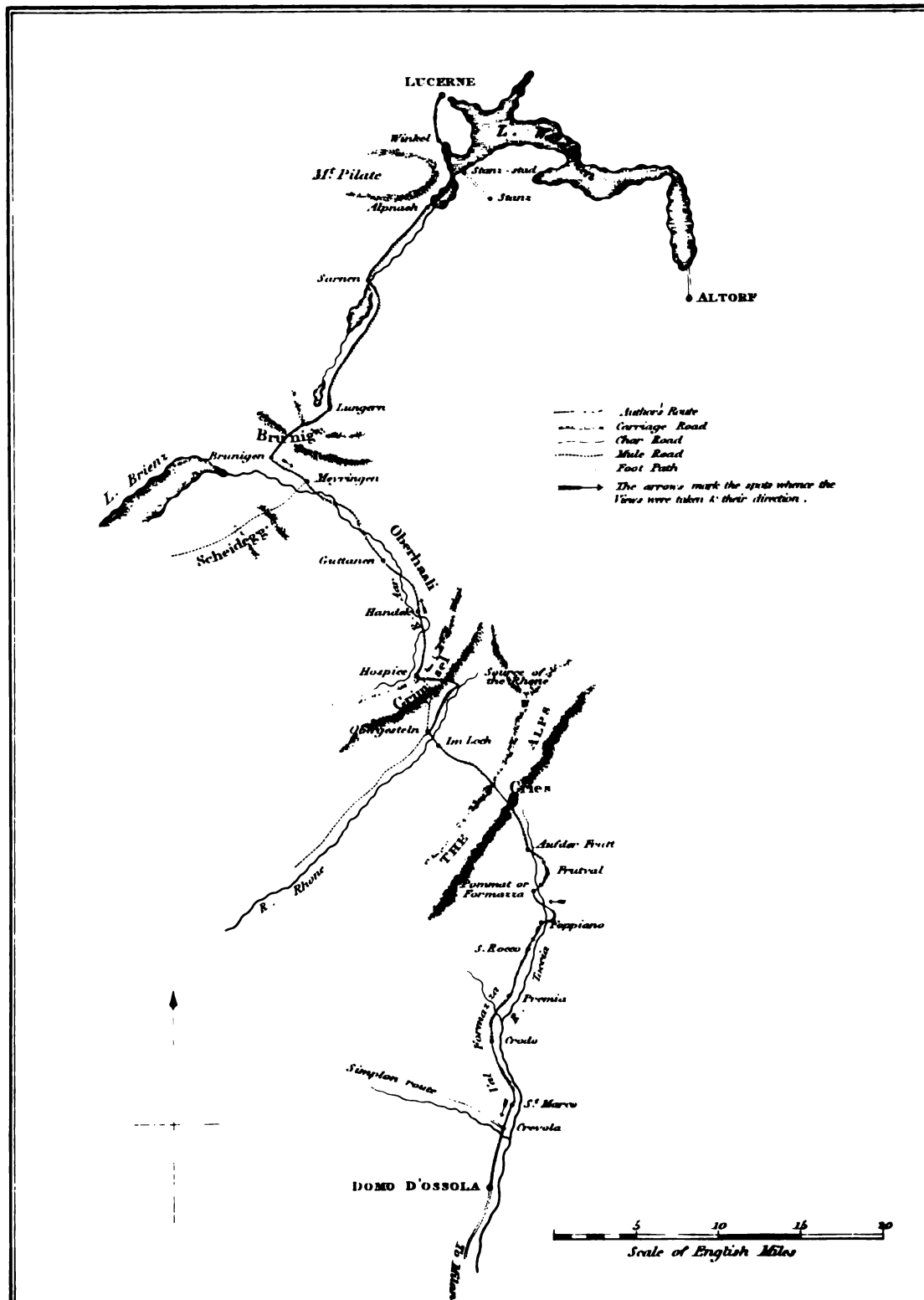
WILKINSON'S JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE TO THE MOUNTAINS

Printed by W. G. Wood

London, Nov. 1878, Published for the Proprietor, by Rodwell, Bond Street



PASSES OF THE ALPS.



Drawn by W. Woodcut. Published for the Proprietor, by Radwell, York Road, Street, London. Eng. & L. Woodcut.
MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE ROUTE FROM LUCERNE TO DOMO D'OSSOLA BY THE GRIGEL AND GRIES.

Savien-thal, was continued to Ilanz, in the Vorder-Rhin. The passes into the Grisons are often mentioned in the eventful history of the campaigns of Napoleon. In 1799, the French army under General Lecourbe passed by the Bernardin into the Grisons; but his exploits are forgotten, in comparison with the passage of the Splugen by the second army of reserve under Macdonald, in November and December 1800, which has been related by General Count Philip de Segur, and in which the difficulties, the dangers, and the losses of the army, from every evil with which they could be assailed during an Alpine passage in the winter, are described with great power, and appear to exceed every previous record of the efforts and the endurance of man.



THE
 SCENES OF THE JORNARDIN AND THE VIOLENTS.



Drawn by W. Brockedon

Engraved by E. H. P. Haden

GALLERY IN THE VIOLENTS LOCH.

Printed by G. S. Smith

Edin. Feb. 1820. Published for the Proprietor, by Rodwell, New Bond Street.





Engraved by E. W. Fisher

London: For 2000. Published for the Proprietors by Andrew, Broom, Street

Drawn by W. H. B. del.

W. H. B. del.

Printed by J. P. Jones





Engraved by J. P. Dalziel.

London, 1843. Published for the Proprietors by Rudolph, Bond Street.

Drawn by W. B. Woodhouse.

THE LONDON AND NORTH-WEST RAILWAY.

Printed by S. P. S. S.







Engraved by T. J. Moore.

London, Feb. 1860. Published for the Proprietor, by Richard D. and Son.

THE CASTLE AND VALLEY OF MICHIGAN.

Printed by H. B. Hall.

Drawn by W. B. Woodhouse.





Engraved by E. Packer.

London, Feb. 2, 1840. Published for the Proprietor, by Richard, Bond Street.

Drawn by W. Brockedon.

W. G. H. O.

Printed by M. C. Evans.







Designed by W. Brockedon.

Engraved by F. H. Ender.

THE LITTLE HOUSE ON THE CLIFF, OR THE LITTLE HOUSE ON THE CLIFF.

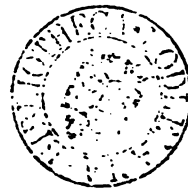
Printed by M. C. C.

London, Feb. 21, 1828, Published for the Proprietor, by Rodwell, Bond Street.



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MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE PASSAGE OF THE BERNARDIN AND THE SPLUGEN.



ROUTE
FROM
INSBRUCK TO VERONA,
BY THE
PASS OF THE BRENNER.

THE road which leads from Germany into Italy, by the Pass of the Brenner, is the lowest across the great chain of the Alps, having an elevation of only 4700 feet above the level of the sea.* Before the formation of the route of the Tende, it was the only pass by which travellers could cross the Alps without dismounting their carriages. The route lies directly through the Tyrol, from Inspruck to Verona; ascending, on the northern side, the course of the Sill to the Brenner, and following the Eisach in its descent, on the southern side, until it joins the Adige at Botzen, and thence by Trent and Roveredo to the plains of Lombardy.

The importance of a free communication between Austria and its Cisalpine states led to the construction of a good road by the Brenner at, probably, an early period of the possession by Austria of territories in Lombardy; and the intercourse by this pass is still very great, though the new routes of the Bernardino, the Splugen, and the Stelvio, offer to the western states of Germany a more direct communication with the Milanese.

* Page 5, line 2, of the Pass of the Mont Genève, the Brenner ought to have been excepted.

Innsbruck, the chief city of the Tyrol, is situated in the valley of the Inn, nearly midway between the source of this river and its confluence with the Danube.* It was known to the Romans as *Œnipontum*, but not as the capital of the Tyrol: this distinction was held by Meran until the thirteenth century, when certain immunities which were granted to Innsbruck gave it peculiar advantages, and the rank which it has since held. Innsbruck lies in a little plain, bounded on the northern side by lofty mountains, which divide the Tyrol from Bavaria, and rise abruptly above the Inn to the height of 7000 feet. On the southern side of the plain lies the Abbey of Wiltau, at the foot of the route which leads to Italy by the Brenner. The road rises immediately beyond the Abbey, and on looking down the valley of the Inn from the ascent, a fine view is presented, including Innsbruck, the town of Hall, and the valley beyond; but this prospect is soon shut out from the observer as he continues his route up the western side of the valley, through which the Sill flows, a river which has its source in the Brenner. Its deep winding course is seen far beneath the road.

About seven miles from Innsbruck is the village of Unter-Schönberg, where the Rutzbäch, which descends through the valley of Stubay, falls into the Sill. The stream is crossed, and the road winds up the side of the Schönberg. Near the post-house on this mountain, one of the finest scenes in the Tyrol may be enjoyed, where the deep valley of Stubay lies below, with its dark pine forests sweeping down to the torrent, and the distance bounded by the immense glaciers and peaked summits of the Stubay.†

From Schönberg the road ascends the valley called the Wipp-thal, by the torrent of the Sill; and after passing

* The waters of the Inn are greater than those of the Danube at their confluence; and the loss of its name in the Danube is an undeserved dishonour.

† Plate the first. The inhabitants of this retired and beautiful valley are known in the German States as the best makers of swords, edge-tools, and other cutlery.

through the little market-town of Matray* and the villages of Steinach and Gries, the traveller attains the summit of the pass a little beyond the Brenner Lake,† at the village of St. Valentin. The post-house‡ is situated on the crest of the passage, which is bounded by lofty mountains. Immediately behind the post-house a fine cascade descends, and the actual summit of the pass is singularly marked by the division of a stream which, dashing on a rock, is separated, one part flowing into the Eisach, the Adige, and the Adriatic; the other reaching the Black Sea; by the Sill, the Inn, and the Danube.

From the summit of the passage, the road, for about a mile, declines very little: afterwards it rapidly descends, on the banks of the Eisach, through a ravine, into which numerous tributary streams flow, and the Eisach soon becomes a brawling and violent torrent. At Sterzing§ the country opens, and the products of the soil already mark the southern side of the Alps.

* Anciently the city of Matreium, destroyed by the Bavarians in the ninth century.

† This little lake, whence the Sill flows, is frozen over eight or nine months in the year; yet it is celebrated for the delicacy of the trout with which it abounds: these are kept at the inns on the Brenner in troughs, through which a stream passes, and form a never-failing dish at the traveller's repast.

‡ Plate the second.

§ When the author first visited the Tyrol, in the year 1822, he witnessed a curious scene at Sterzing. While waiting at the inn, the sound of drum and fife, and a bustle in the street, announced a procession of the successful marksman of the day. The Tyrolese practise, every Sunday afternoon, and all holydays, the use of the rifle; and there are few houses in the Tyrol which are not ornamented with targets, the trophies of success, which are suspended beneath the overhanging roofs, in front of the residences of the victors. The target of the day is the prize of the best shot; and that which was won at Sterzing was borne through the street on the back of a friend of the winner, preceded by a drum and fife, and followed by the successful marksman, who, dressed out with flowers and ribands as fantastically as a May-day sweep in England, expressed his joy by dancing and pirouetting amidst his friends, who congratulated and cheered him. What degree of skill the constant use of the rifle has given to the Tyrolese may be inferred from the following fact: One of those who had been unsuccessful in the contest on that day was overtaken by the author's party near Sterzing, and offered a ride on his way home, which he accepted; he complained bitterly of his ill-luck, and attributed his failure to the weather, which had been hazy; but to shew that he had some claim to distinction as a marksman, he pointed out a young tree on the side of the road, at a considerable distance, levelled his rifle at it, and drove a ball through the trunk, though he fired from the char in which he was riding.

Soon after leaving Sterzing the road passes the ruins of an old castle, and enters a narrow valley, deep and darkened by pines, which clothe the abrupt mountain sides; and this character of scenery continues, without much variation, to Mittenwald. Every step of this passage was disputed by the Tyrolese in their fearful and unequal contest with the French and Bavarians in the year 1809; but a spot, about two miles below the post-house of Mittenwald, is pointed out to the traveller as the scene of a *ruse de guerre* of the famous Andrew Hofer, when he attacked the Bavarians from an ambuscade. The spot is not such as a stranger would at first suppose was well chosen for the fearful purpose for which it was selected,—the mind would picture to itself a situation overhung with precipices,—but here the narrow valley suddenly spreads out on the left of the river into a little plain, about a quarter of a mile broad and half a mile long, around which the mountain base sweeps like an amphitheatre. A little church, and a village through which the road passes, occupy the left bank of the Eisach. On the right, the mountain rises abruptly from the bed of the river. This was the spot chosen by Hofer for the ambuscade of the Tyrolese: he had caused to be prepared, rocks, trunks of trees, and other heavy bodies, on the rise of the mountains above the plain, which were so placed, that when the props were withdrawn which supported them, these masses rolled down the declivity and across the plain, overwhelming and destroying every thing in their way. The French and Bavarians, who had entered the Tyrol to suppress the insurrection, proceeded in pursuit of a small party, who retreated step by step, fighting as they fell back, into the passes of the Brenner and the forests of Mittenwald. Circumstances had excited in the invading army some fears of an ambuscade; these had been reported to the Duke of Dantzic, who commanded the troops, but he ordered the pursuit to continue, though he prudently retreated to a place

of security. About 4000 Bavarians, who had been ordered to advance, having entered the fatal spot, a cry was suddenly heard in the mountain,—“Hans, in the name of the Holy Trinity, cut all loose!” In less than a minute thousands were crushed by the falling masses; the remainder, in their terror, attempted to retreat, but the unerring balls of the Tyrolese increased the numbers of the slain. Observing the effect of their *ruse* upon the terrified enemy, the Tyrolese descended from their fastnesses—even young boys and girls joined in the attack—and, rushing upon their invaders, thousands of the Bavarians and French were killed. They retreated about fifteen miles before they could be rallied; but so great was their terror, that when Hofer again appeared, they fled before the Tyrolese, who fell with redoubled fury upon their invaders, and completed the victory.

From Mittenwald to Brixen, almost every mile was the site of a battle during the eventful defence of the Tyrol in 1809; every defile, every bridge, was contested; and the scenery, which is strikingly fine from many points of view, excites other emotions, from its association with the events of that year, than those which nature, in her magnificence or her beauty, would produce.

Before arriving at Brixen, the traveller leaves on his left the pass of Mühlbach,—the entrance to the Puster-thal, whence the torrent of the Rients issues, which falls at Brixen into the Eisach. Brixen is an ancient town, situated at the extremity of a little plain: it retains the name of the Brixentes, a people conquered by the Romans in the time of Augustus: their name is preserved by Pliny, who has recorded the inscription which formerly existed upon the trophy of Augustus, where, among other Alpine nations, this is mentioned as having been subdued by him.

The next town in the descent from Brixen is Clausen; its appearance is very striking: on the right the convent of Saben is seen on a lofty rock which overhangs the town;

and an enormous crucifix, painted on the gable end of the church, appears to be 80 or 100 feet in height. This convent is built on the ruins of the ancient palace of the bishops of Brixen, who resided here prior to the twelfth century: it is considered the site of the ancient city of Sabiona, which was destroyed by Attila. The road now descends through a valley, which widens into a productive plain, extending to the village of Kollman, the next post station. Nearly opposite to this place is the castle of Trostberg, one of those structures which abound in the Tyrol, and mark its ancient feudal character. The situation of Trostberg is very fine, on a rock separated by a ravine from the side of the mountain, but which is connected with it by a part of the building. It stands on a commanding and beautiful spot, whence vineyards sweep down the side of the hill to the banks of the Eisach, which flows in a torrent at its base.*

From Kollman the scenery is almost unvarying to Botzen. The valley is narrow, sometimes scarcely allowing space for the road, and the river which foams amidst the blocks of granite that have fallen into its bed from the neighbouring heights. Generally, the sides of the mountains are richly clothed with forest trees, which descend to the banks of the torrent: in some places the rocks fearfully overhang the path of the traveller; but the route, though wild and savage, is relieved from dreariness by the occasional appearance of villages, where vines are trellised, and walnut-trees grow luxuriantly.

Botzen is finely situated on the confluence of the Talfer and the Eisach, and at a short distance only from the confluence of these with the Adige. The meeting of the valleys through which these rivers flow has produced a plain in which Botzen stands: though it has an elevation of 1300 feet, and amidst the Alps, it is so sheltered that the

* Plate the third.

fruits of Lombardy are abundant here. It is one of the chief places in the Tyrol, and its situation is so favourable to commerce as to enrich its inhabitants, who have many villas in the neighbourhood, which may boast of remarkably beautiful sites. There are many objects of interest in the vicinity of Botzen, particularly to the geologist. One of the most remarkable of these is the pyramids of Ritter, near Ober-Botzen, a village about two hours north of Botzen. These pyramids vary in height from thirty to sixty feet; they are very numerous, and present in some places, amidst trees, the appearance of the ruins of temples. Their formation is remarkable; they are composed of sand-stone, which the rains have disintegrated, except where large stones have preserved the masses upon which they lay, from the action of the rain. These pyramids are covered by the stones which have occasioned their formation—surmounting them like the capitals of columns.

Below Botzen, the ruins of several castles, in the valley of the Adige, are striking features in the scenery, which is often beautiful between Botzen and Newmarkt: at Salurn, a little below Newmarkt, one of these castles is remarkable for its situation on the pinnacle of a rock.*

A few miles down the valley from Salurn is the little town of St. Michael, situated opposite the entrance to the Val de Non, on the confluence of the Nos, which flows from this valley, with the Adige. The valleys of the Non and the Sole were the territory of the Naunes, mentioned upon the trophy of Augustus as one of the Alpine nations subdued by that emperor. The Val de Non abounds with beautiful situations, castles, villages, and hamlets, and the wealthy inhabitants of Trent spend some part of the summer in this delightful valley, esteemed by them the most beautiful in the Italian Tyrol. The Val de Sole is the upper part of the Val de

* End Vignette.

Non, and rises to the glaciers of the Ortler-spitz, the Gavio, and the Tonai. Across the latter of these a difficult path leads to Edolo, in the Val Camonica.

Between St. Michael and Lavis the valley of the Adige narrows to a defile, but spreading out again, extends into the beautiful plain of Trent. The city of Trent has been rendered remarkable in history, chiefly by the celebrated council of the church, which was held there from the year 1545 to 1563. The church of St. Mary Maggiore, in which the council was held, is usually visited by strangers. Trent is a city of high antiquity, and boasts of a foundation by the Etruscans, prior to Rome: it was known as Tridentum. It was conquered and strongly fortified by the Cenomanni, and afterwards fell, with Rhetia, into the hands of the Romans. As it lay in the course of the northern invaders of Italy, it fell successively into the possession of the Huns, the Goths, the Lombards, and the Franks. In later times it occasionally possessed independence, when not in the hands of the Bavarians or the Austrians. On a hill called Dostrent, anciently Dorsum Tridentum, west of the city, there formerly stood a temple of Neptune, and the ruins of a castle built by the Lombards still remain. Southward of Trent, the German language gives place to the Italian, which is generally spoken. Surrounded by lofty mountains, the situation of Trent is very beautiful: the Adige traverses the plain immediately above it, and waters the walls of the city. In almost every point of view Trent is picturesque; but from no place is it more striking than from the ascent to Monte Porgine, where the city, and the windings of the river, are seen beneath the observer, with the mountains which bound the plain, extending to the horizon, and closing, in the distance, the valley of the Adige.* From Trent a road leads to Arco and thence to Riva, at the head of the Lago di Garda. Between Trent and

* Plate the fourth.

Roveredo, among many other beautiful scenes, there is one of the château of St. Pietro, where the steep banks and windings of the Adige are particularly striking; but many fine views are shut out from the traveller in this part of the route by lofty walls, between which the road passes: these walls are raised to protect the vineyards. At Roveredo, numerous silk-mills give a commercial and industrious character to the inhabitants. The largest inn, the Rose, is disgustingly dirty; and the traveller is already made to feel sensibly the difference between the cleanness of the German inns and the dirt and discomfort of those of Lombardy. From Roveredo, as well as from Trent, a road leads to Riva, on the Lago di Guarda. This is a shorter and more beautiful passage to the Milanese than by Volargno and Castel-nuovo.

Between Roveredo and Ala, the next post-town, where the road is not enclosed by walls which exclude all view of the country, it passes through scenes extremely savage and dreary, occasioned by a fall of the Monte Marco, which has strewn the valley with enormous rocks and stones, particularly near the village of Steravale, which probably derives its name from the desolate character of the surrounding scene. It seems to be a spot well adapted for violence, and it has the reputation of having been formerly infested by brigands. From Ala to the next post station, Peri,* the road is without any interest, and it is almost unvarying to Chiusa, though the appearance of this valley to a traveller from the plains of Lombardy, is refreshing and beautiful, after the tedium of journeying over extensive flats, with the prospect limited to a few yards of dead walls or vineyards, bounded by mulberry-trees, which, stript of their leaves for the silk-worms, appear to be decaying in the midst of fertility.

* At the inn at Peri, where the author rested to take refreshment, the extortion practised by the host, or rather hostess, exceeded any thing of the kind to which he had ever been subjected: each article was extravagantly charged in detail; and one item was, a frank and a half for a bed, upon the end of which the author had incautiously sat for a minute.

The pass of Chiusa is a remarkable, but unpicturesque defile through which the Adige has forced its way, leaving no space for a road but what has been artificially obtained, where the rock has been cut away and overhangs the passage. Here there was formerly a fort, which defended the frontiers of the Venetian territories: it has now been dismantled. After passing a short way beneath lofty and perpendicular rocks, the traveller leaves all semblance of hills, and proceeds, through Volargno and the plains of Lombardy, to Verona.

To those whose object it is to visit Venice by the Tyrol, a road from Trent, shorter by thirty miles, offers itself by the Monte Porgine and the valley of the Brenta. The general beauty of this route, and the wildness of some parts of it, are superior to the scenery presented upon the road by Roveredo and Verona. The ascent to the Monte Porgine abruptly commences from the eastern side of Trent, and nothing can exceed the succession of beautiful prospects presented on the road up the mountain. Trent is generally an object in these views, and it is seen in the distance, even from the summit of this pass, far beyond the deep defile that lies beneath the road, through which a torrent descends that falls into the Adige, near Trent.* After crossing the ridge, the road winds down to a rich valley, in which the pleasant village of Porgine is situated: shortly afterwards, the route skirts the sequestered lakes of Caldonazzo and Levico, which are formed by the Brenta, and passes on, through a valley singularly wild and beautiful, to Borgo-Val Sugana, where an excellent inn, the Aquila d' Oro, offers its welcome. Numerous old castles enrich the scenery of the Val Sugana, particularly the castle of Borgo, which is seen from far down the valley. These feudal structures distinguish the Tyrol from Lombardy, and are scarcely observed beyond the frontier: the road lies through many villages, the largest of which is

* Plate the fifth.

Grigno, where passports are examined. The Tyrol is left at Lazaretto. Richly wooded dells and vast overhanging rocks continually recur in this valley. Its inhabitants are a remarkably fine race of people: their costume is simple, and their mode of dressing their hair with natural flowers is very elegant. They are supposed to be descendants of the Cimbri, who, it has been conjectured, took refuge in these valleys after their defeat by Marius. Many Teutonic words, derived from the allies of the Cimbri, are certainly found in the *patois* of the Val Sugana.*

Soon after leaving the frontier of the Tyrol, the traveller reaches Primolano. Between that town and Cismone the road passes, for about a league, through a defile of the most magnificent character: the rocks, towering to a vast height, in some places entirely overhang the road, and excite the most fearful emotions in those who pass beneath them, on the brink of precipices which overhang the torrent that foams beneath the road. At one of the abrupt turns in this defile, in the face of the mountain which commands the approach up the ravine, a gallery is cut out of the solid rock, and a battery constructed there, about 100 feet above the road. To this singular place there did not appear to be any access. On

* The Val Sugana was the scene of some of Napoleon's most astonishing exploits in the campaign of 1796, when he was engaged against the imperial army under General Wurmser. After the celebrated battles of Lonato and Castiglione, Wurmser had retreated upon Trent; and having been joined by 20,000 fresh troops, he committed the fatal error of dividing his army. Marching at the head of 30,000 men across the Monte Porgine and through the defiles of the Brenta, he proceeded, with some ulterior object in view, to Bassano, having left 20,000 men, under Davidowich, at Roveredo, to guard the Tyrol. Napoleon availed himself of this error to throw his army upon Roveredo with incredible velocity, forced the strongly entrenched camp of the enemy, and obtained a complete victory, in spite of the obstinate valour of the Austrians. The shattered remains of their army fell back upon the defile of Lavis, where they were again defeated: then hastily crossing the Monte Porgine, Buonaparte accomplished a march of sixty miles in two days, and fell upon the advanced guard of the Austrians at Primolano, halted for the night at Cismone, and thence pursuing his success, reached Bassano the next day, and attacked the chief division, commanded by Wurmser himself, which he destroyed. This battle was fought on the 8th of September, four days only after the battle of Roveredo.

the summit of this overhanging cliff the shouts of a shepherd were heard; but it was some time before he could be distinguished, and then he appeared a mere speck against the sky. There was no part of this extraordinary defile to which a sketch could do justice: that which is introduced* is taken, on looking back towards Primolano, from its entrance.

Where the defile widens again into a valley, the winter bed of the torrent is covered with rocks and stones. At Cismone,† the torrent of the Vanoi flows into the Brenta, and increases, below the confluence, the desolate appearance of the bed of the river, by the share of the mountain débris which its violence brings down in the winter. The aspect for a few miles is extremely dreary, where rocks of immense height bound the right bank of the torrent. The savage character of the valley changes only on arriving in sight of the beautiful town of Vastagno, situated on the right bank of the Brenta: it is celebrated for its opulence, which is derived from silk-works. The road passes through Carpenedo, a village opposite to Vastagno. Below this place the course of the Brenta is less violent; the road declines more gradually, and the traveller leaves the Alps and enters upon the rich plain of the Vicentine. Nothing can exceed its luxuriant vegetation; the flatness of the plain, however, prevents any object being seen beyond the vines, until a sudden turn in the road presents Bassano stretching out on a rising ground over the rich plain, where two or three knolls rise and break the extensive flat, which in the distance, on the right, is bounded by the lowest ranges of the Trentine Alps.‡ From Bassano, the distance to Venice, by Treviso, is not quite six posts.

* Title Vignette.

† A long wooden bridge crosses the Vanoi, and the tariff of tolls, paid on passing it, bears date above one hundred years since.

‡ Plate the sixth.

The earliest mention of the pass of the Brenner* is about thirteen years before Christ, when the Romans, under Augustus, extended their conquests beyond the Rhetian and the Noric Alps, and subdued and civilised the people who inhabited the Tyrol. Tranquillity for some time succeeded their conquest, until they were disturbed by the Markomanni, a people of the north of Europe, who invaded Italy by crossing the Brenner into the southern Tyrol, and struggled twelve years with the Roman power before they were finally expelled. Early in the third century, the Allemanni and the Goths penetrated also by the Tyrol into Italy, but without establishing themselves at that time, as their retreat was purchased by the already degenerate Romans; but in the fourth century they again broke over the Tyrolese Alps. In the year 452, Attila poured into Italy his hordes from the north by the Brenner, ravaged Trent and the southern Tyrol, and, overwhelming Italy, destroyed the western empire. Odoacer, in 476, invaded Italy by this pass, at the head of the Heruli and Rugii, and so completely established himself, that he was crowned king at Pavia. Thirteen years later, Theodoric entered Italy with his Ostragoths, by the Brenner, expelled Odoacer, and founded an empire which extended from the Saint Gothard to the Black Sea. But this empire, in half a century, sunk from internal dissension; and in its Italian portion arose the kingdom of the Lombards, which included the ancient Brixentes and the Venostes, who inhabited the present Vinschgau, the Vale of Meran. During the contests between the Ostra-

* It is a conjecture resting solely upon the coincidence of names, that Brennus, with the Gauls whom he commanded, descended by this pass 388 years before the Christian era. A similar reason is given for a supposition that they entered Italy by the Val Camonica, between the Valteline and the Lago d' Iseo, where the name of a village is *Breno*. The pass of the Alps by which the Cimbri entered Italy is also involved in much obscurity. According to Lucius Florus, it was by the Rhetian and Tridentine Alps; but Denina, in his "Tableau Historique de la Haute-Italie," endeavours to support his conjecture that it was by the Saint Gothard.

goths and the Lombards, the northern and larger part of the Tyrol raised itself into an independent state; but this independence was only of occasional and short duration. The greater powers on the confines of the Tyrol were never scrupulous in making this unfortunate country the scene of their contests. Trent raised itself into an independent dukedom, and under Ewin nobly vindicated its integrity; for a powerful army of Franks, having passed the Grisons into the territory of Trent, plundered and outraged the inhabitants; but the Franks were routed in a pitched battle, fought at Bucholtz, near Salurn, by Ewin, in the year 577. The Tyrol suffered much during the contests of Charlemagne with the Lombards and the Bavarians, until the former people were subdued; and an unsuccessful revolt of the latter, under Tressilo the Second, Duke of Bavaria, led to the division of the country into small districts, which were governed by counts, appointed at the will of the emperor. The Tyrol shared this fate, though, after the death of Charlemagne, the Tyrolese struggled thirty years unsuccessfully to establish an independence.

After the extinction of the Carlovignian race, the Dukes of Bavaria re-established themselves, retook part of the Tyrol, and made its counts vassals, who had, during the decline of the power of the Franks, made their appointments hereditary. The dynasty of some, however, remained, and among these the Counts of Andechs distinguished themselves. The Emperor, Frederick the First, gave to one of these, Berthold the Fourth, possessions in the Tyrol which included the valleys of the Inn and the Wipp, through which the course of the present road lies from Inspruck to Brixen. Berthold resided at Meran, and assumed the title of Duke of Meran. The race of the Counts of Andechs ended with Otho the Second, in 1248. Their successors resided at the Castle of Teriolis, or Tyrol, near Meran; whence the name of the country has been derived. They were involved, in those times of lawless

outrage, in continual disputes; and the numerous castles in the Tyrol, built in places difficult of access, yet near enough to the road to pounce upon unfortunate travellers, mark the state of society, when, like beasts of prey, each chief kept his den, at deadly feud with his neighbours. In the fourteenth century the Tyrol devolved to the Dukes of Austria, by the gift of their cousin Margaret, surnamed Maultasch, upon the death of her only son. Her second husband, the Prince of Bavaria, by whom she had this son, disputed the claims of the Duke Rodolph of Austria, and their wars made the Tyrol desolate; every place in the lower Inn-thal was burnt, except Inspruck and Hall, and a severe winter following the calamities of war, completed the misery of the Tyrolese. Rodolph bought off the claims of Bavaria, to prevent a renewal of the war.

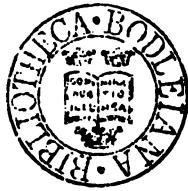
His successor, Albert, by a wise policy, greatly relieved the Tyrolese from the effects of these dreadful scourges. Under Leopold,* his brother, the territories of the Tyrol were increased by the accession of the Val Sugana and the Vorarlberg.

In 1496, the Emperor Maximilian having acquired the Tyrol by bequest, extended and impoverished it by conquests. In the early part of the sixteenth century their distresses were increased by religious disturbances and insurrections of the peasantry; and after the attachment of the Tyrol as an hereditary state to Austria, the war of the Spanish succession inflicted its curses upon the unfortunate Tyrolese; for the Elector of Bavaria, having united with Louis the Fourteenth, renewed an exploded claim to the Tyrol, and invaded it; but its inhabitants, faithful to Austria, and roused by the outrages of the Bavarian soldiers, flew to arms, and drove the invaders from their hearths; and the elector himself narrowly escaped

* This Leopold is remembered in history as having fallen at the celebrated battle of Sempach, which sealed the liberties of Switzerland.

the Tyrolese marksmen, for his chamberlain was killed by his side.

Every war of the Austrians has involved the Tyrolese; and in their contests with the French, since the commencement of the present century, the history of the Tyrol abounds with events which mark their devotion and their patriotism. The treaty of Presburg, in 1805, consigned them to the government of Bavaria. Indignant at being thus transferred, like serfs, they availed themselves of the first favourable moment to return to the protection of Austria. In the war of 1809 the Tyrolese particularly distinguished themselves by struggles upon their own soil against the French and Bavarians: almost every village in the course of the route described, witnessed the heroism of this brave people, who, under Hormayr, Hofer, and Teimar, performed prodigies of unavailing valour; and they fell again under the government of Bavaria, which they hated. The events that followed the Russian campaign of 1812 restored the Tyrol to the house of Austria, for which, rather than for themselves, they had fought so devotedly; and,—let it be mentioned with shame,—their devotion was rewarded by the emperor's refusal to restore to them certain privileges of which Bavaria had robbed them; and, by a miserable policy, which it is difficult to explain, he commanded the suppression even of the records of their exploits in his favour, and forbade the sale of the account of the revolution in the Tyrol of 1809, written by the brave and accomplished Hormayr, the commander of the Tyrolese, and the historian of his country.





Drawn by W. H. H. H. H.

London, April 1853. Published for the Proprietors by Rudolph, Bond Street.

**VALLEY OF STURAT,
FROM THE REMOVED.**

Engraved by H. H. H.

Printed by H. H. H.





Engraved by R. Beckett.

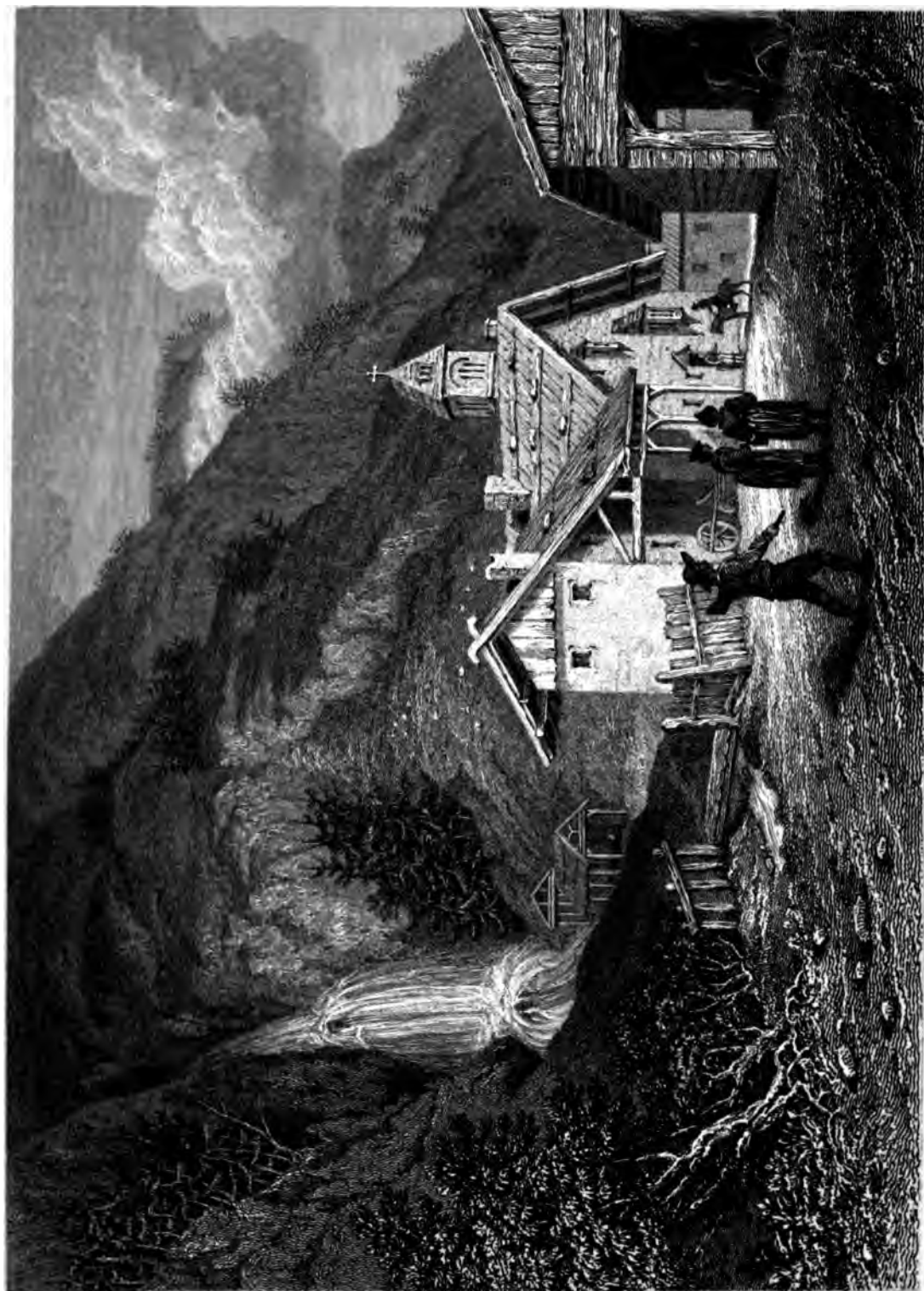
London, May, 1822. Published for the Proprietor, by Rudolph, Broad Street.

POST HOUSE ON THE MOUNTAINS.

Engraved by J. T. Williams.

Printed by H. B. B. B.





Drawn by W. H. H. H. H.

London May 1859 Published for the Proprietors by R. B. H. H. H.

Engraved by J. T. Williams.

THE HOUSE OF THE BROTHER.

Printed by T. H. H.





Drawn by W. Brockedon.

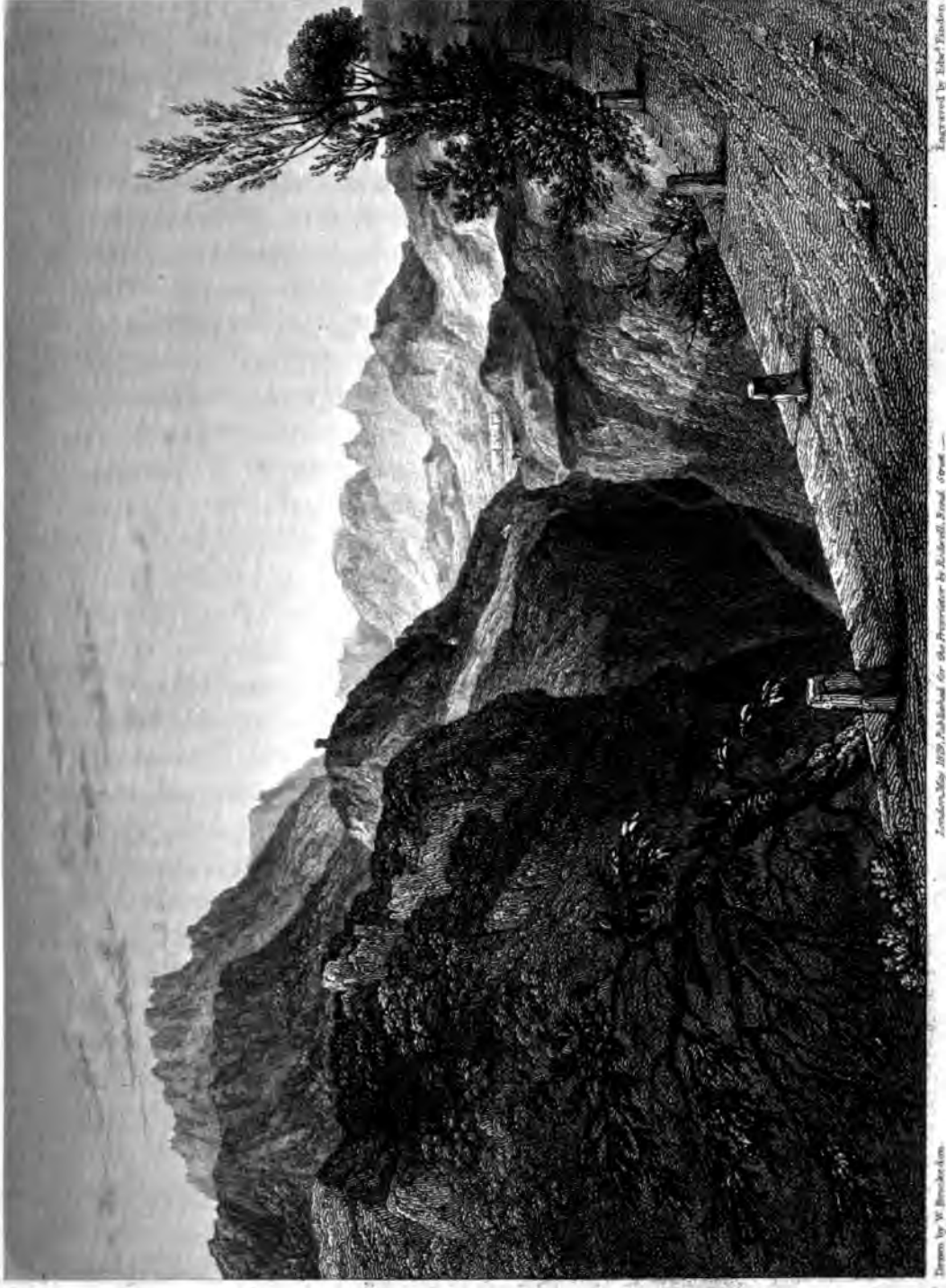
London, Published May 2. 1829, for the Proprietors, by Rudolph, Broad Street.

Engraved by E. Fladen.

THE END OF THE

Printed by M. C. O.





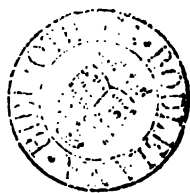
Engraved by E. H. Fisher.

London, May 1859, Published for the Proprietor by Aldwell, Bond Street.

TENTS FROM MOUNTAIN CAMP.

Mount St. Helens.







Engraved by J. G. Smith

Engraved by J. G. Smith

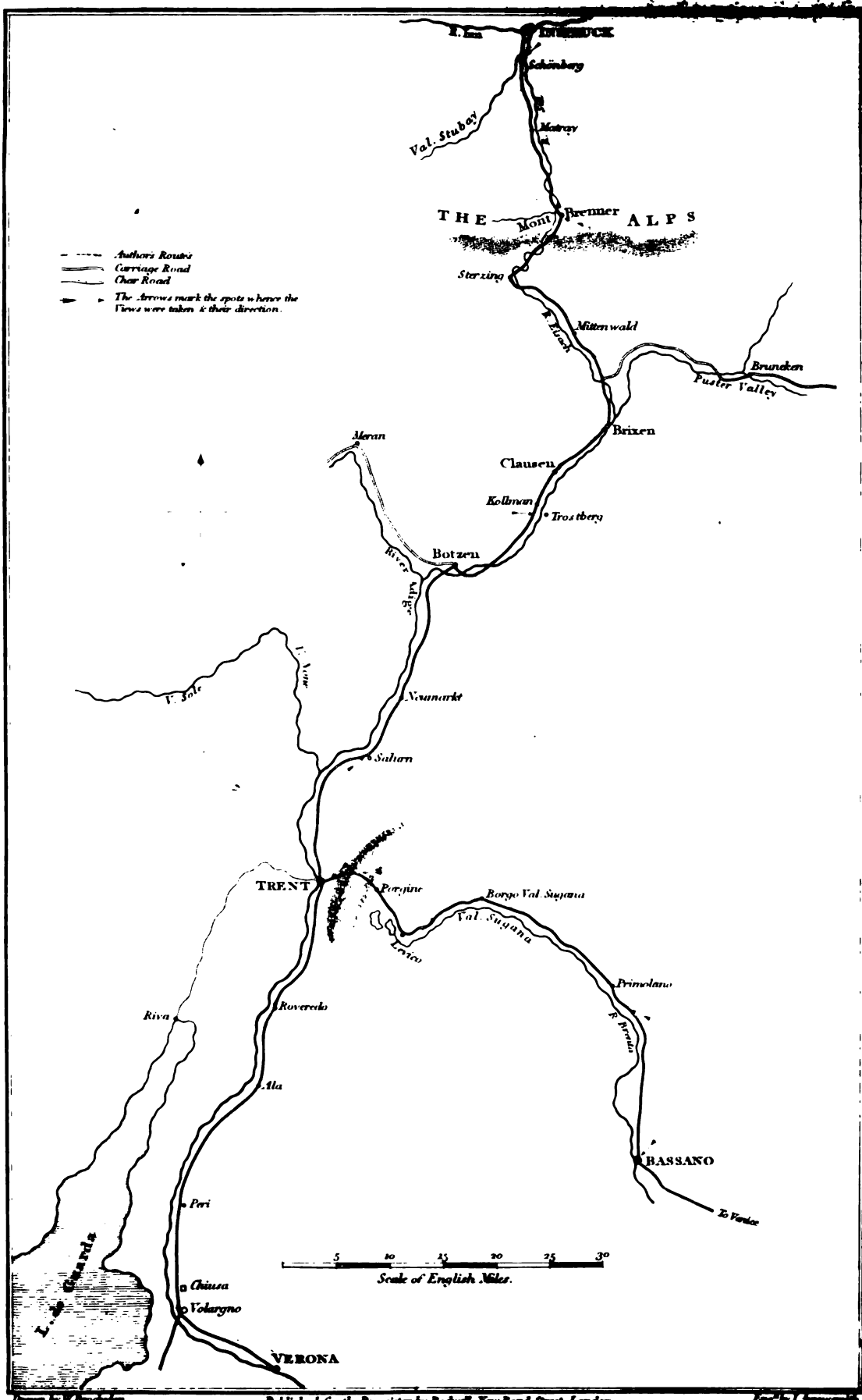
THE GREAT OAK

Printed by W. G. Smith

London May 1, 1859. Published for the Proprietor by Richard D. Bond Street



PASSES OF THE ALPS.



Drawn by W. Woodman.

Published for the Proprietor, by Rodwell, New Bond Street, London.

Exp. by L. Brown.

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE PASSES OF THE BRENNER AND THE MONTE PORGINE.



ROUTE

FROM

NICE TO TURIN,

BY

THE PASS OF THE COL DE TENDE.

NICE has long possessed the reputation of having a climate and a situation peculiarly favourable to those invalids who arrive there from more northern countries; a circumstance that probably led to the improvements of the road which lies between this city and Turin, by the Col de Tende.

The situation of Nice is strikingly beautiful from many points of view in its neighbourhood, and many interesting remains of antiquity may be visited in short excursions from the city: these are sources of enjoyment within the reach of the valetudinarian, and add to the pleasures and advantages of a residence at Nice; but they are principally to be found coastways. The rich alluvial soil at the mouth of the Paglione, that descends from the Maritime Alps, gives a luxuriant character to the plain, which, near Nice, is covered with oranges, olives, vines, and other productions of a southern climate; but the moment this little plain is left, on the road to Turin, and the ascent commences towards Lascarene, the traveller must bid adieu to the country where "the oil and the wine abound." The sudden change to stones and sterility, with here and there a stunted, miserable-looking olive-tree, is very striking; and the eye scarcely finds any point of relief from this barrenness until the little valley appears in which Lascarene is situated. Soon after, the ascent to the Col de Braus commences at the village of Tuet,

and sterility recurs, where it is in character with the wild and rugged acclivity, up which, a zig-zag road—in some places blasted from the rock, in others terraced—winds safely and gradually; but it is ill preserved. The deep fissures and rifts in the mountain side, which the route in some places fearfully overhangs, increase the wildness and grandeur of the pass. On the summit, the station of a cantonnier offers during storms a miserable shelter: the view thence over a barren country has great extent and grandeur, and the sea and coast towards Antibes are seen bounding the horizon.

On the eastern side of the Col de Braus* the little town of Sospello appears, deep in the valley below, to which the road descends by a considerable *détour*; and the traveller from the summit finds that he has been deceived by its apparent proximity.† The valley of the Bevera, in which Sospello lies, is rich in wood: the olive and the fig are abundant; the latter in particular is an object of commercial value to the people of Sospello. The torrent of the Bevera flows into the Roya a few miles above Ventimiglia.

Immediately beyond Sospello the ascent to the Col de Brovis begins; and though less sterile than the Braus, it presents in the ascent a barren panorama; but after attaining the height of 4277 feet above the level of the sea, Breglio is seen from the summit, appearing like an oasis in these deserts, from the beautiful and luxuriant vegetation which surrounds it: these contrasts of scenery are striking in the route from Nice to Turin, and are peculiar to this passage of the Alps.‡

* The height of the Col de Braus is 3845 English feet above the level of the sea.

† As it was late in the day when the author left Nice, it was night before he reached Sospello, where he had an unwelcome reception from the dirty old padrona of *les quatre nations*, who ushered him into a filthy room, which was blackened by musquitos, who disputed with the fleas the privilege of destroying sleep. The author advises travellers to reach Gendola or Tende the first day, where there are excellent inns.

‡ In a little hut on the Col of the Brovis, an old soldier is stationed as a cantonnier: he came out and offered to the author the welcome of rest and refreshment: he brought delicious peaches, bread, rum, and *eau-de-vie d'Andaye*: these might have been sighed for in vain in places of greater promise. The garrulous, cheerful, and intelligent old man, who was

The descent from the Col de Brovis is over a well-constructed road, which gradually leads, by long zig-zag terraces, down to the little post-station of Gendola, where a good inn offers, among other excellent refreshments, the delicious trout of the Roya, and good accommodations. Gendola should divide the journey from Nice to Coni.

This part of the valley of the Roya is very richly wooded; large chestnut and ilex trees are mingled with the varied forms and colours of the caroubier, the olive, and the vine. There is an air of neatness about the spot, which contrasts forcibly with the abrupt and barren peaks of the surrounding mountains. These are so lofty and so near, that in the depth of winter the sun cannot be seen at Breglio, a town half a league distant from Gendola, on the opposite side of the river. The estuary of the Roya is at Ventimiglia on the Mediterranean, about twelve miles below Breglio.

A little beyond Gendola the defile commences through which the road is carried, on the banks of the Roya. In some places the road is terraced, or built out, on arches; in others hewn from the rock which overhangs it.* But sombre and savage as this defile is, it fails, from its proximity to the river, to excite those fearful emotions which are so appalling in the Via Mala, on the route of the Splugen, and in some parts of the Val Dovedro in the pass of the Simplon, where the head turns giddy in seeking to trace the course of the water struggling through the depths of its passage below the road. A striking scene occurs about an hour from Gendola, where the road crosses the river, and the town of Saorgio is seen, from a little opening in the defile, stuck above the road on the face of the mountain, in a situation singularly wild and romantic:† its houses seem to be hung out in front of the

a Bordelais, fought some of his battles over again. He had served at Dunkirk against the English in 1794; and he had subsequently been employed eighteen years as a *gens d'arme*. He had been engaged in the campaigns of the Alps; and in some of his latest services he had assisted in extirpating the brigands which formerly infested these mountains.

* Title vignette.

† Plate the first.

steep, and apparently inaccessible, rocks. A few chestnut, olive, and fig trees, relieve the eye; and the effect of the scene is heightened by the view of the fort of Saorgio,* on a peak of rock which commands the approaches to the town by the defile. Immediately below the fort, the road crosses the river by a single arch, and then passes through the narrowest and deepest part of the ravine, at the foot of the vast rock upon which the fort stands. A tabular face has been cut upon the rock over the torrent, upon which is the following inscription:—

PUBL. CISMONT. AC CITRAMONT. DITIONIS BONO
 ITALIE AC TOTIUS ORBIS COMMODO
 INVIIS UTRINQUE ALPIUM MARITIM. PRÆCIPITIIS
 FERRO FLAMMAQUE PRÆCISIS,
 D. CAROLUS EMANUEL III.† SABAUD. DUX XI. P.P.P.P.,
 PACE BELLOQUE FÆLICISS.
 PROPRIO MOTU, PROPRIO SUMPTU, PROPR. INDUSTRIA
 HANC VIAM BASILICAM PERFECIT.‡

* Saorgio was the centre of an important military line, assumed by Sardinia and supported by Austria, on the frontiers of France, at the commencement of the war which the powers of Europe entered into against the principles and leaders of the French Revolution. The Committee of Public Safety opposed to the Austro-Sardes a cordon of troops, which checked an invasion. Some severe fighting took place in 1793, especially at Saorgio, which post General Colli gallantly defended against the desperate attacks of the French, who gave to the fort the name of *le petit Gibraltar*, where they sacrificed thousands of lives in their efforts to force the Sardinian line. At the end of 1793, the insurrections of Lyons and Toulon led to the removal of a part of the French troops, with General Kellermann. In the campaign of 1794, the army of the Alps returned in greater force, and better organised, determined upon the invasion of Piedmont. Massena was appointed to the command of the division opposed to Colli; he consulted with Buonaparte who was at Nice, already distinguished, and holding the rank of Chief of Battalion of Artillery; the plan of attack recommended by him was adopted successfully; and Saorgio fell into the hands of the French on the 29th of April,—an event of great importance, as a part of a series of operations which gave to France the command of every pass of the Alps on her frontier. But dissensions in the revolutionary government prevented any brilliant consequence until Buonaparte received the command of the Army of Italy in 1796.

† He was the fourth Charles, as inscribed, but the first Charles Emanuel. He came to the dukedom in 1680. Another Charles Emanuel assumed the distinction of the Second in 1638.

‡ This is a little more modest than the inscription on the route of the Grotto, near Les Echelles. Yet the bombast amuses; for, like that, too, the original road has been so

In the defile the ruins of several bridges are seen; but whether these were destroyed by the contending armies in the campaigns of 1793-4, it is difficult to say, as the improvements in this route, which were made by Victor Amadeus III.,* might have led to their destruction.

After leaving the defile of Saorgio, the road opens into the little valley of Fontan, which affords a short but pleasant relief from the generally savage aspect of the country. The valley extends to Tende, a little town, of which Arthur Young complains, as being "black, stinking, dirty, and no glass;" and Smollett has left his malediction on the inn. The town has probably not much improved; but it would be unjust to allow an unfavourable impression to remain as far as it regards the accommodation to travellers: there are now two excellent inns, situated in the high road which passes through the lower part of the town, and the Hôtel Royal offers good entertainment.

The appearance of Tende is remarkable: the town is built on the side of a steep hill, on the right bank of the Roya. The old castle of Tende commands the town and the road from its situation, and its ruins mark the former power of the feudal lords† who held it: it is built on a knoll on the

altered and improved, that the gratitude of the traveller is chiefly due to those who made it practicable. It is an honest glory, however, to have commenced such a work to facilitate the intercourse of mankind; and the bombast of an inscription may be forgiven for the sake of the benefit which it records.

* Arthur Young, who crossed these Alps in 1789, says, that there was a long inscription in honour of Victor Amadeus the Third; and near it an old one to the eleventh Duke of Savoy: the latter inscription is quoted above. If an inscription to Amadeus exist, it escaped the observation of the author. Sulzer, however, who passed here in 1776, only three years after Victor Amadeus ascended the throne of Savoy, mentions it, though, as he speaks only of one inscription, it is probable that he made a mistake in naming Victor Amadeus for Charles Emanuel, and that Young has fallen into his error.

† The Counts of Tende were once independent and powerful, and their authority extended over many towns and villages. In the fifteenth century, the country passed under the dominion of the Dukes of Savoy, though this was above a hundred years later than the first dependence of Nice upon the same government. Tende was possessed by a family named Balbe, afterwards called Lascaris; because one of the descendants of Pierre Balbe married the daughter of Theodore Lascaris, the emperor of Constantinople. The Balbe-Lascaris, who also possessed Ventimiglia, sold that part of their domain to the Counts of Savoy, after these had acquired the country of Nice.—*DREINA, Tableau de la Haute-Italie.*

side of a mountain, which, rising above the castle, terminates in abrupt and pinnacled rocks.*

On the left bank of the Roya a little plain extends to the foot of the Col de Tende,† where the road enters a rocky valley, up which it is carried in zig-zag turns, which are remarkably tortuous. An inn is situated about half-way up, called *La Ca*, which was built by the King of Sardinia, for the protection and assistance of travellers: it is a station for the carbineers appointed to guard the roads; and, formerly, the men who carried travellers in a *chaise à porteur* across the Col de Tende were stationed here. Its situation amidst the mountains is wild, and the scene, on looking back, presents the long winding road by which the ascent is made from the valley of the Roya;‡ but to attain the col, the road rises by a succession of above sixty turns: near the summit there is a little house of refuge, called the Osteria of Barraconi, which is often a welcome shelter in storms. The crest of the passage is an absolute ridge, 6162 English feet above the level of the sea: the scene from it is very extensive; on the north-west the range of the high Alps present their rugged pinnacles and snowy summits, even to the Monte Rosa, and, on looking back, the Mediterranean is faintly seen in the horizon. The descent to Limone is well constructed, and a rapid succession of tourniquets carries the traveller down towards the plains of Piedmont.§ The landlord of the inn at Limone was very communicative upon the present and former state of the roads; he said, that they owed to Napoleon the completion of the carriage-road over the summit of the Col de Tende, and its general improvement, as it was done under his direction, whilst Piedmont was annexed to France; it is certain, however, that the road was made practicable for carriages as early

* Plate the second.

† Generally called in the country the Col di Cornio.

‡ Plate the third.

§ About one-third of the way from the summit is a grand work conceived and begun by Anne, Duchess of Savoy, which, as a public undertaking, is one of the most gigantic ever attempted to be carried into effect: its object was to pierce the mountain, and carry a road through it, to avoid the often dangerous, and always tedious passage of the Col de Tende.

THE COL DE TENDE.

as 1789, as Arthur Young passed the col in a voiture in the month of September of that year.*

From Limone, the road towards Turin passes through the valley of Vermenagna, which widens as it approaches its junction with that of the Gesso; the woods of chestnut-trees which clothe the sides of the valley—the meadows and corn-fields, and the villages of Vernante, Robilante, and Rocca-vione, enliven the road, and contrast cheerfully with the sterile and generally savage character of the route south of the Col de Tende. The river Gesso is crossed before the traveller reaches Borgo Saint Dalmazio, where, though its elevation is 1800 feet above the level of the sea, the plains of Piedmont may be said to commence; for the descent is so gradual towards Turin, that the road is only observed to decline by marking the course of the stream.

The Alps which bound the plain of St. Dalmazio, and, like an amphitheatre, more than half surround it, are beautiful in their appearance; and when the bright pinnacle of the Monte Viso appears towering over the snow-line of the Alps, as high apparently above them as they are above the plain, it is one of the most striking objects in this route, as its height is more than 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. From Borgo St. Dalmazio to Coni is about six miles, whence the direct road to Turin, about twenty French leagues, lies through Savigliano; but to the traveller who is not pressed by business to hasten to the capital, a *détour* by Saluces and

Victor Amadeus, in 1782, renewed the excavations; and workmen were engaged upon it until 1794, when the French took possession of the pass. Its length, if it should ever be accomplished, will exceed a mile and a half,—a work which, in its magnitude, will leave every similar enterprise in comparative insignificance: there is little probability, however, of this stupendous undertaking ever being completed.

* At Limone there is a custom-house,—a nuisance permitted to exist between two districts under the same government: the officers there exercised their power upon the author's baggage in an offensive way, unpacking every article, and examining every scrap of paper, and then begging something for not having annoyed him more and detained him longer. In general, the Sardinian *douaniers* are courteous in their disagreeable duty; but their conduct at Limone has been noticed before by English travellers.

PASSES OF THE ALPS.

Cavour to the Protestant valleys of Piedmont, and thence to Turin by Pignerol, over good carriage-roads, will repay his devotion of a few days to this visit. The Delphine is an excellent inn at Saluces; and the Canon d'Or, chez Bartolomeo Revel, at La Tour, in the Val Pelice, may be made head-quarters in visiting those interesting people the Vaudois, and the beautiful and magnificent scenes amidst which they dwell.

THE

PASS OF THE ARGENTIÈRE.

THE route from Coni to Embrun, by the Col d'Argentière, lies through Borgo St. Dalmazio; whence a good road for a light carriage extends up the valley of the Stura as far as Venadio. Soon after passing the village of St. Martino the deep course of the Stura appears, and, across the river, rising abruptly on its left bank, amidst some bold rocky precipices, the village of Rocca Sparviera. The scenery here is very fine; the forms of the mountains, the magnitude of the chestnut-trees, and the luxuriant richness of the cultivated land, arrest the attention. Soon after passing Rocca Sparviera the road descends in the valley, crosses the Stura, and continues on its left bank almost throughout the valley.

About four leagues from Borgo St. Dalmazio the traveller arrives at Démont, a town formerly remarkable for its fort, which guarded the valley of the Stura, and the communication with France by the Col d'Argentière. It had been memorable for its sieges in almost every war between France and Sardinia, until Piedmont became a part of France, in 1801, when the forts which guarded the defiles on the frontiers of Dauphiny were

demolished.* The ruins of the fort are on a hill so situated in the midst of the valley which it commands, that the road on one side, and the river on the other, pass its base. From Démont, the route which ascends the valley to Venadio is in some places highly picturesque, particularly where, in the fore-ground, the fine old trees occasionally cluster on the road side; between their trunks, peeps are caught of the river, the valley, and the mountains; and the whole is enriched by the gourds and vines which festoon the branches of the trees. From the town of Venadio, the last important village in the ascent, the view down the valley of the Stura is very beautiful, seen almost in its whole extent. The fort of Démont in the distance, distinguished by the conical form of its hill; the river, the villages, and the rich vegetation of the valley bounded by mountains, some sterile, others richly wooded, form one of the finest scenes in the valleys of Piedmont.† From Venadio, up the valley, the change is rapid to wildness and Alpine appearances; and from the occasional narrowness and precipitous character of the road, it is impracticable for carriages of any kind, though the whole route to Embrun can be passed on mules. In ascending the valley of the Stura, the path sometimes lies close to the river, which appears quietly rippling through meadows; at others it winds along the perilous edge of precipices which overhang the gulph, through which the river struggles unheard at a great depth below. Such a scene as this occurs near the village of Zambucco.‡

Shortly after passing the villages of Pied de Port and Pont Bernardo, where the road crosses the Stura, the traveller enters a fearful defile, called the Barricades. In the defence of this frontier of Piedmont it is an important post, which has been as often distinguished for desperate conflicts as the fort

* Charles Emanuel I. built the fort of Démont in the sixteenth century, upon the ruins of an old castle, which had been razed by the Austrians in 1559. This fort the French and Spaniards blew up in 1744; it was afterwards restored, and finally destroyed in 1801.

† Plate the fourth.

‡ End vignette.

of Démont. The road is carried along a shelf of rock above the river, cut out of the precipices which overhang and darken the ravine, and presents an almost impregnable barrier to the passage of the valley. From the Barricades the road lies through the villages of Praynard and Bersesio, the latter is the principal place between the Barricades and the Col d'Argentière.*

* When the author passed through the Val Stura in 1826, he went in a light carriage from Coni to Venadio, where he hired mules for Barcelonette, intending to rest at Pont Bernardo, and pass the Barricades in the morning. A fair had been held on the preceding day at Démont: the *négocians* and peasants, returning to their houses, crowded the little inns in the villages of the valley. At Venadio, when the author and a friend who accompanied him were prepared to start, a woman undertook to be their guide, and bring back the mules. They were soon joined by a village doctor, returning to Bersesio, whom the guide recognised as a *medico*. The day had closed upon them when they reached Pied de Port, near Pont Bernardo, where they sought for accommodations. Not a place could be had for shelter; the house was crowded with peasantry. After getting some wine, and the woman, as guide, had furnished herself with a lantern, the party proceeded, darkness begun, and the rain fell fast. The author had lent his mule to the *medico*, who was in advance of the party, in a narrow road, when a gun was fired at the *terrified doctor*. He said, that in the dark, and so far a-head of the party as to appear alone, he had been mistaken by some robber for a *négociant* returning from the fair. The author and his friend were armed, and immediately advanced to the spot, but luckily without having their valour put to the test by brigands.

Soon after passing Pont Bernardo, a violent storm came on; and it was so dark that the guide insisted upon their dismounting, and leading the mules over the crazy bridge, which lay across a fearful torrent, already increased by the rain, whilst she held the lantern close to the planks, that both the mules and travellers might avoid the dangerous holes on the bridge. The dark pass of the Barricades appeared like a cavern, except when seen by the lightning; then the foaming torrent was lit up beneath them, and their situation seemed to be perfectly horrible. The woman now took the lead; and crawling about with her lantern amidst the rocks, soon misled them from the path, and they found themselves wandering amidst rocks and stones. At this moment, the mule, upon which the author's friend had again mounted, endeavoured to spring across a deep pit: a rock prevented the bringing of its feet together, and it fell back with its rider, fortunately without injury to the latter, who extricated himself immediately; but with the assistance of the lantern they saw the poor mule doubled up in the pit: they could only assist it by cutting the straps and removing the baggage. The guide became bewildered,—her terror of the storm and loss of her mule brought forth vows, curses, and prayers. St. Anna was her patron saint; and she poured out her solicitations that she would entreat the Virgin to extricate the mule, whose struggles soon ceased, and it was thought that the poor animal was dead. In this wretched situation the *medico* offered to take the lantern, and grope his way to the village of Praynard for assistance. This was their only resource, and he left them in darkness so great, that though the guide was near enough to touch, she could not be seen. For an hour they remained thus exposed to a dreadful storm of thunder, lightning, and rain,—a torrent roaring close by them. During this time, the mule, after remaining quiet for

Above Bersesio the scenery is wild and rugged, the mountains presenting bare pinnacles of rock; but barley is still cultivated in the valley, and the pasturage is rich. After passing the villages of Argentière and La Madelaine, the path ascends directly to the col, which is soon and easily attained. Before arriving at the summit, the path skirts a little lake called La Madelaine,* the source of the Stura. From the summit, the view towards France is extensive, looking down the course of the Ubayette† towards L'Arche, the station of the French *douane*. Thence the road is uninteresting, through the villages of Certamusa and Meyronne to the junction of the Ubayette with the river Ubaye, where two roads lead into the Embrunnais; one following the course of the Ubaye, the other by St. Paul and the Col de Vars.

In following the Ubaye, the road descends by Chastelar and Jauziers through an uninteresting country, except at Pont de Cluse, to Barcelonnette, a town larger and better built than might have been expected in so sequestered a situation. From Barcelonnette, a path by the Col de la Vachère leads

some time, recovered strength, and got out without assistance. The poor woman vowed in her gratitude five francs for a mass, and a picture of the *miracolo* for the chapel of St. Anna.

At length the horizon lit up as if assistance were coming, and in a few minutes four gigantic figures, — for their distance deceived, — appeared wrapped in storm-cloaks, with torches in their hands, descending amidst the rocks and stones; and the party was soon assisted by these hardy mountaineers to remove from an exposed and perilous situation. The author preferred proceeding, with their assistance, to Bersesio, rather than to remain at Praynard, where the mountaineers could only offer the travellers straw and *eau-de-vie*: of the latter the *medico* had availed himself while waiting for their return. At Bersesio they were directed to the house of the syndic, who was roused: the old man and his wife cheerfully got up and rendered all the assistance in their power; the author and his friend made tea, in a way rather primitive, ordered soup and wine for the worthy peasants, and after laughing, when the danger was over, at their adventures, forgot them in the sound sleep which their fatigue and comfortable beds produced; for in this wild mountain village, the luxury was added of throwing gum perfumes upon the hot ashes contained in the pan with which their beds were warmed. The poor guide had suffered too much to recover readily: she entreated the next morning that she might be allowed to return to Venadio, and that the syndic might, in her stead, conduct the travellers to Barcelonnette, to which they acceded.

* The name of La Madelaine is sometimes given to the Col d'Argentière.

† A torrent which flows into France from the Mont d'Argentière.

across the mountains to Embrun: but the *chemin royal*, as Bourcet* calls it, lies by the course of the Ubaye, though in many places not a vestige of a *chemin* appears; for the violence of the Ubaye and the streams which fall into it is so great in the winter, as to leave the entire valley for miles a bed of stones and black mud, with here and there a cluster of stunted willows; and the road is at the choice of the traveller in the whole breadth of the valley, to ford the torrents where they are most passable, and wind about through the mud-beds, where the willows grow, to find the hardest path. At length the river is crossed to arrive at Meolans, and thence down the valley there is a tolerable char-road. The pretty village of La Lauzet, the Goshen of the valley, is an exception to the general scenery: its little lake contains fine trout, and in the immediate neighbourhood there are fruit-trees and cultivated soil. But after crossing a hill, and descending a zig-zag road at the pass of La Tour, in losing sight of La Lauzet, all is again sterile. On looking back, the deep course of the Ubaye is seen issuing from the defile of La Tour; and the grand forms of the mountain of *Cugulion des Trois Evêques* present a scene which is savage, mountainous, and dreary.† The road continues on the left bank of the river, high above its bed, until, leaving the hill upon which the fort of St. Vincent is placed, a very difficult path leads down to the river, which is crossed to arrive at the village of Ubaye. From this place, one road leads by the river Ubaye to its confluence with the Durance, and another by the Col de Pontis to Savines, in the high road between Gap and Embrun. From the ascent to the Col de Pontis, on looking back towards the valley of the Ubaye, the hill of St. Vincent is a fine object, surmounted by forts which formerly guarded the valley of Barcelonnette when it belonged to the Sardinian dominions. By a wise arrangement, it was

* Mémoires Militaires.

† Plate the fifth.

ceded to France in exchange for the valleys of Pragelas and Exilles; the states having thus agreed upon the chain of the High Alps as the line of demarcation.

The other road to Embrun, from the confluence of the Ubayette and the Ubaye, lies by the village of Glaisoles, and up the deep gorges of the Ubaye, by the strongly entrenched Camp de Tournieux, which formerly guarded the entrance to France from the Barcelonnais, when the latter appertained to Sardinia.

To ascend the Col de Vars, the path leaves the valley of the Ubaye by the deep ravines of the Rioumonas, a mountain-torrent which falls into the Ubaye a little below St. Paul. The road, or rather path, along the precipices of slate rock which overhang these torrents, so rapidly wears away, that in many places it is very dangerous; but there is not intercourse enough at present to make the formation of a better road an object of sufficient importance to the government. The little villages of Le Serret and L'Entraye lead to the Col de Vars, which is not very difficult of ascent. From its south-eastern side, the fine panorama of mountains is very striking. The descent of the Col de Vars is gradual, over a fine pasturage; thence passing through St. Marie and the village of Vars, the traveller descends the mountain-brow, between the valleys of the Vars and d'Eserans; and a magnificent scene opens upon him of Guillestre and the fort of Mont Dauphin, the valley of the Durance, and the mountains covered with glaciers, which flank the Col de Lautaret.*

From Guillestre, a road passes close to the rock upon which fort Dauphin is built, whence it leads, in about two hours, to Embrun, by the high road from Italy to France, which crosses the Mont Genève.

One of the most extraordinary events connected with the history of the Col d'Argentière, was the passage by it of Francis I. across the Alps, in 1515. In previous invasions the French had entered Italy by the passes of the Mont

* Plate the sixth.

Cenis, or the Mont Genève; but ~~these~~ were now so strongly guarded by the Swiss, who were in the pay of the Italian princes, that it was necessary to find access by some other, which the Swiss either did not suspect, or believed to be impracticable. The Marshal Trevulzio undertook to ascertain if there were any other pass; and the result of his inquiries among the peasants of the Maritime Alps was, the assurance that the Argentière was one by which the passage might be accomplished, from Dauphiny to the marquisate of Saluces. The army having been assembled in Dauphiny, was concentrated upon Embrun, where it was provided with five days' provisions. On the 10th of August, 1515, the march commenced by Guillestre and the Col de Vars; but the difficulties of the army began at the defiles of Rioumonas and the Ubaye, where it was necessary to make a road on the sides of the rocks, for the conveyance of the artillery. A corps of 2500 pioneers was formed, who so effectually did their duty, that the army entered the valley of Barcelonnette on the second evening. On the third day the passage of the Argentière was accomplished, and Francis descended into the upper valley of the Stura; but obstacles occurred at the Barricades, near Pied de Port, which arrested his progress. These were removed on the fourth day; on the fifth the army entered the plains of the marquisate of Saluces, and on the 14th of September fought and gained the celebrated battle of Marignano.*

* Sismondi, in his "Histoire des Républiques Italiennes," speaking of the difficulties of the passage, says: "Tour-à-tour il falloit faire sauter les rochers pour s'ouvrir un passage, ou jeter des ponts sur l'abîme, ou élever, le long des précipices, des galeries en bois. Soixante et douze grosses pièces d'artillerie devoient passer par ce chemin, avec la colonne centrale de l'armée, la cavalerie pesante, et les bagages; deux mille cinq cents pionniers et sapeurs, en régimens, et payés comme l'infanterie, les accompagnoient pour ouvrir les chemins. Mais le zèle des simples soldats étoit plus efficace encore; ils s'atteloient à l'artillerie au lieu de chevaux, et ils déployoient autant d'intelligence et d'adresse que de courage pour surmonter les difficultés inouïes que leur opposoit la nature."

One interesting and important event in this campaign was the capture of Prosper Colonna, the celebrated Roman General, who had been sent by Leo X. to join the Swiss. He was stationed at Carmagnole with 500 men at arms and some light horse. Francis having been informed of his situation, and thinking that it would be a gallant enterprise to

In 1692, Victor Amadeus II. invaded France, and crossed by the Col d'Argentière from Piedmont into the Embrunnais; and in the war of 1744, when the Spanish and French armies,

attack him there, despatched some of his bravest officers upon the expedition. Amongst these were Bayard, La Palisse, Imbercourt, and d'Aubigny: they crossed the mountains before the army was ready to start, and reached the town of Rocca Sparviera, situated on the left bank of the Stura, a few miles from Coni. At Rocca Sparviera they were greatly assisted by the Signor de Morete, who, acting as guide, conducted them by a difficult path across the mountain ridge which divides the valley of the Stura from the Val de Grana, and thence to Savigliano; thus avoiding Coni, where a body of Swiss was stationed.

From Savigliano the French determined to attack Colonna at Carmagnole. It is probable that he had received information of their intentions, as he hastily left Carmagnole to join a body of Swiss under the Cardinal Schinner, at Pignerol. On his way thither he stopped to dine at Villefranche, where the French surprised him, and made him prisoner. The gallant party then fell back upon Fossano, to await the descent of the army under Francis; and the Swiss who were at Coni hastened to join Schinner's troops at Pignerol.

This affair has been related by Sismondi with such utter disregard to the geography of the Alps, that it ought not to pass unnoticed. *Martin de Bellay*, the *Mémoires de Fleurange*, the author of *L'Histoire du bon Chevalier*, all state clearly that the conquerors of Prosper Colonna passed by the Rocca Sparviera to Villefranche; and not one of them, though quoted by Sismondi, states any thing about the route across the Alps which he describes. He says (*"Histoire des Républiques Italiennes"*), that they went "*de Briançon à Villefranche, et aux sources du Pô par Sestrières*;" though he knew and has stated that the pass of the Genève was guarded by the Swiss, and that Bayard went by Rocca Sparviera. To persons unacquainted with the Cottian and the Maritime Alps, his statement may appear to be clear; but to those by whom they are known, such a jumble of names, without the least regard to their bearings or distances as connected with the object of the march of the detachment, betrays an ignorance of the subject unworthy of the historian. If possible at all, six ridges of mountains must have been traversed, most of them higher than some of the passes across the great chain.

From the memoirs, quoted by Sismondi, of those who were engaged in the expedition, it is clear that the object of Bayard and his party was to reach Carmagnole. The most obvious route to attain it was by the Argentière, which was known to be practicable and unguarded. This was doubtless the one which they took, as it led directly to Rocca Sparviera; a spot where they were assisted by guides, particularly mentioned in their account of the expedition. Neither Paul Jovius nor F. Guicciardini, whom he also quotes, has led him into this error, though the latter is evidently as ignorant of the Alps as Sismondi, and has substituted towns for mountains. Unfortunately, it is not in relating the capture of Colonna only that Sismondi has betrayed his ignorance of the geography of the country: he sends the soldiers of Francis on the second night down to Barcelonnette, four leagues below the spot where they entered the valley of the Argentière, only to make them march up again the next morning to the point from which they started; and he has removed L'Arche from the French side of the Alps. It appears that this country has not been visited by historians; but that, guided by bad maps and former authors, Guicciardini and Gaillard, Sismondi and Simond have confounded the names of cities and towns, villages and Alpine passes: Coni has been transferred from the plains of Piedmont to become "a pass south of the Argentière, towards Provence;" and the village of Rocca Sparviera has,

commanded by the Infant Don Philip and the Prince of Condé, invaded Piedmont, they passed also by the Col d'Argentière.*

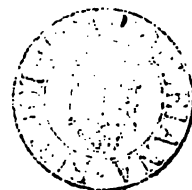
It is very uncertain whether any passage was known to the Romans across the Maritime Alps. Denina, in his "Tableau de la Haute-Italie," mentions a second Emilian way, made by Marcus Æmilius Scaurus, from Savona, by Tortona, westward through the country of the Vagienni,† and thence by the valley of the Stura to Embrun: but the authority for this statement is very obscure.

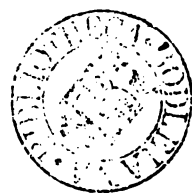
The facility with which a good road, always practicable, might be made across the Argentière, is obvious, and it may yet be accomplished, to the great service of France and Piedmont; both would gain by increased facilities of communication. The author's guide from Bersesio said, that a survey had been made in the time of Napoleon, having for its object the formation of such a road: but too many of those which he began have been neglected, to induce the hope that an event so desirable will be effected by his successors.

according to Simond, who refers to Sismondi, been removed to somewhere "between Briançon and the source of the Po." The only correct map of these districts is Bourcet's; and his "Mémoires Militaires sur les Frontières de la France, par Piémont et de la Savoie," is the only faithful work upon the subject; — in it every practicable path for man or mule is indicated.

* The events of this invasion are related by the Marquis de St. Simon, in his "Histoire de la Guerre des Alpes en 1744." Every village in the valley of the Stura was the scene of the horrors of warfare. The pass of the Barricades was forced, and the allied armies descended the valley of the Stura, where they took the fort of Démont by the use of red-hot shot. They afterwards besieged Coni, and near this city fought the Sardinian army, commanded by Charles Emanuel III., who, though he lost the battle, succeeded in throwing relief into Coni, which was gallantly defended. After it had been for some time unsuccessfully invested, the storms of autumn, and the want of supplies, which were intercepted by the Piedmontese peasantry, compelled the allies to raise the siege, and to recross the Alps, towards the latter end of November. On their retreat they destroyed the fort of Démont, and afterwards suffered the severest privations from cold, hunger, and fatigue. Though assailed by the peasants, and exposed to storms, they returned to France, over frozen roads and through deep snow, with all their artillery, and with a few guns, taken from the Sardinians, — the miserable trophies for which they paid thousands of lives, and millions of treasure.

† The Vagienni were a people of Piedmont, whose territory extended to the summits of the Maritime Alps.







Engraved by T. Jeaynes.

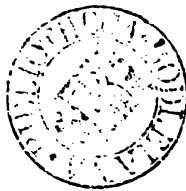
London, August 1840. Published for the Proprietor by Andrew Bell, Street.

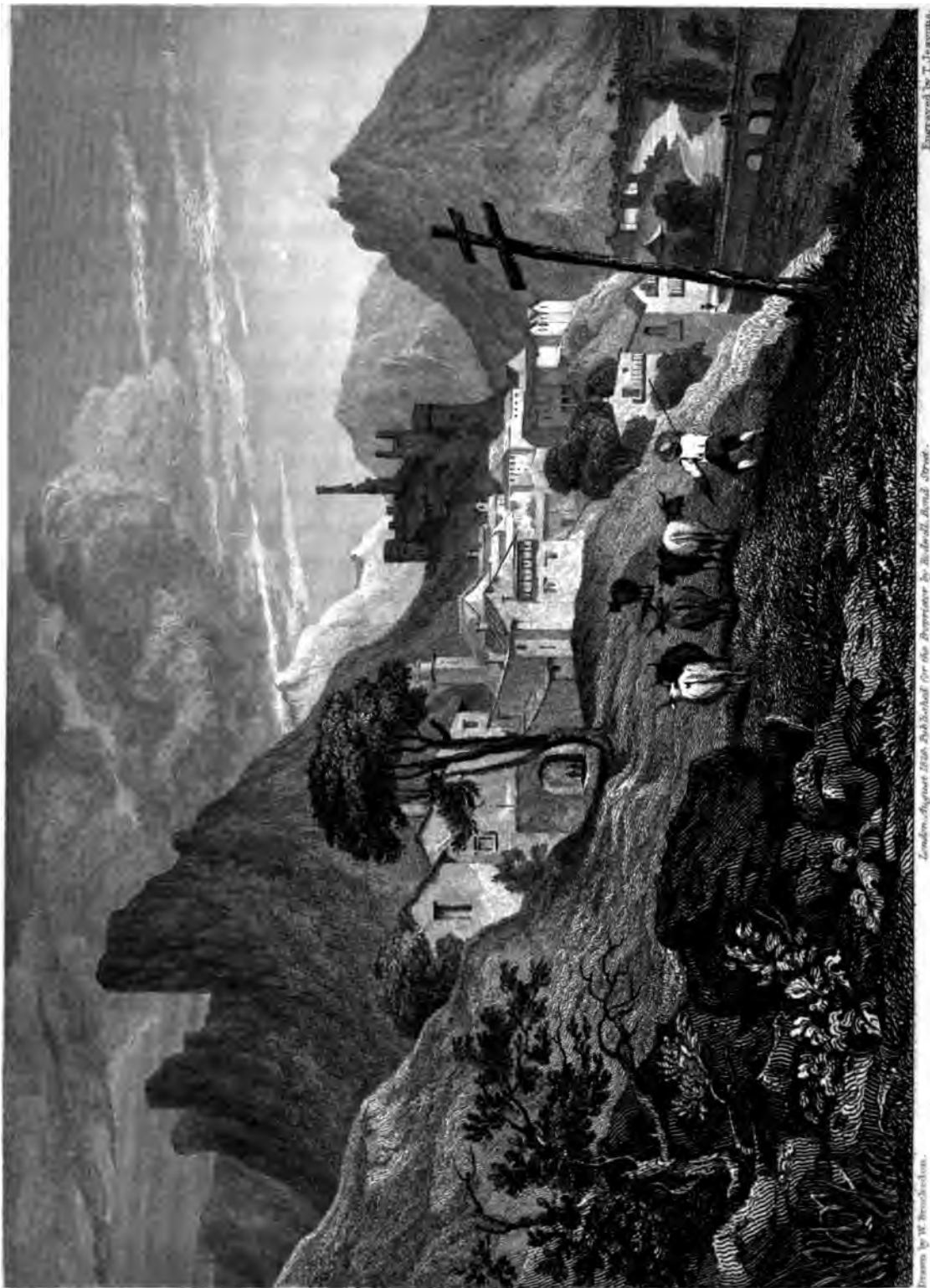
Drawn by W. H. B. 1840.

W. H. B. 1840.

Printed by Boulton.







Engraved by T. J. G. J. G. J. G.

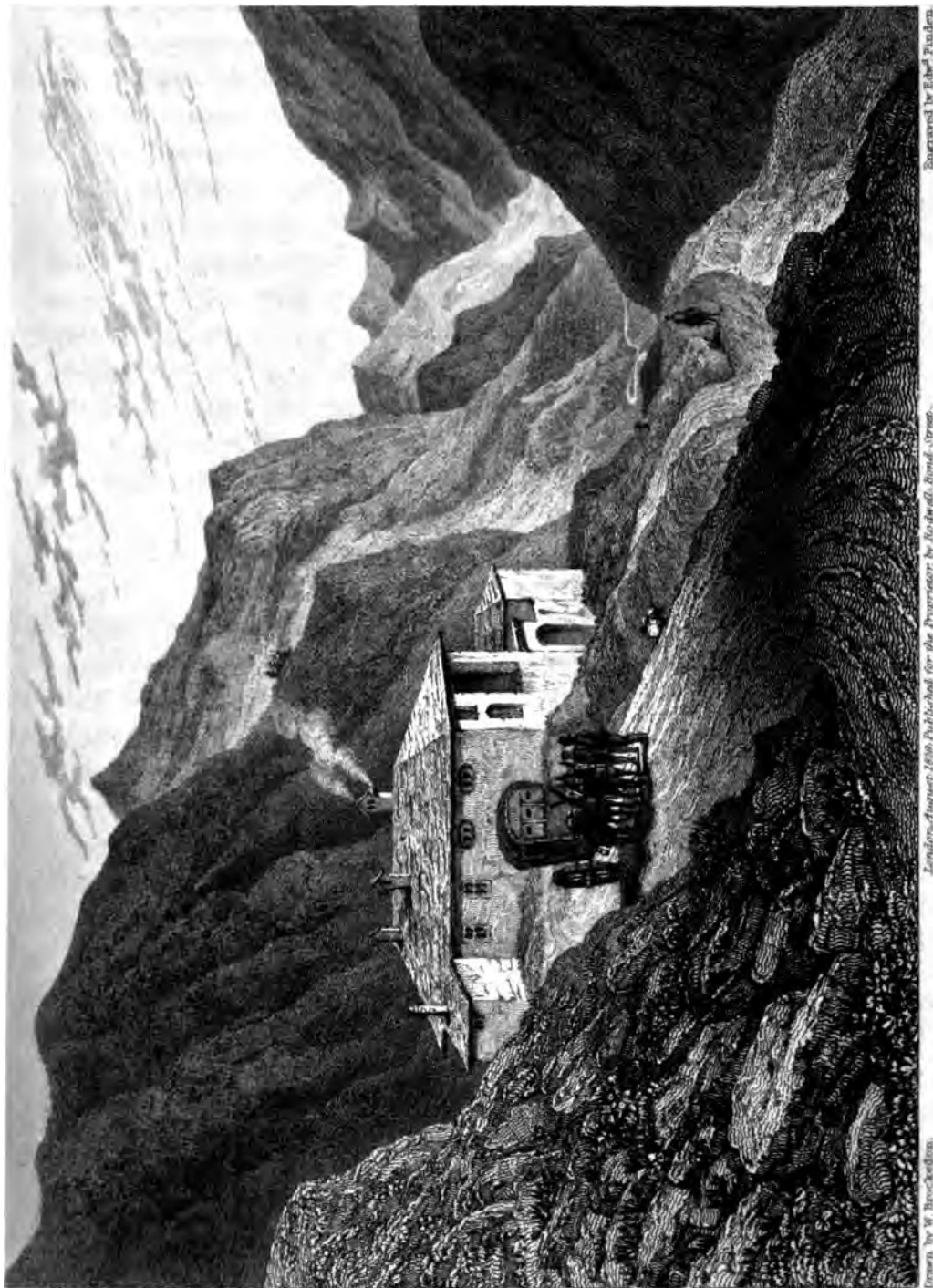
London, August 18th, 1848. Published for the Proprietor by Richard B. Smith, Street.

Drawn by W. H. B. B. B. B.

THE END

Printed by H. B. B. B.





Engraved by E. F. Tindem.

London, August 1850. Published for the Proprietor by Rodwell, Bond Street.

Drawn by W. Brockwell.

LA CA ON THE MONT LE TENDRE.

Printed by G. S. S. S.





Engraved by R. Bevilard.

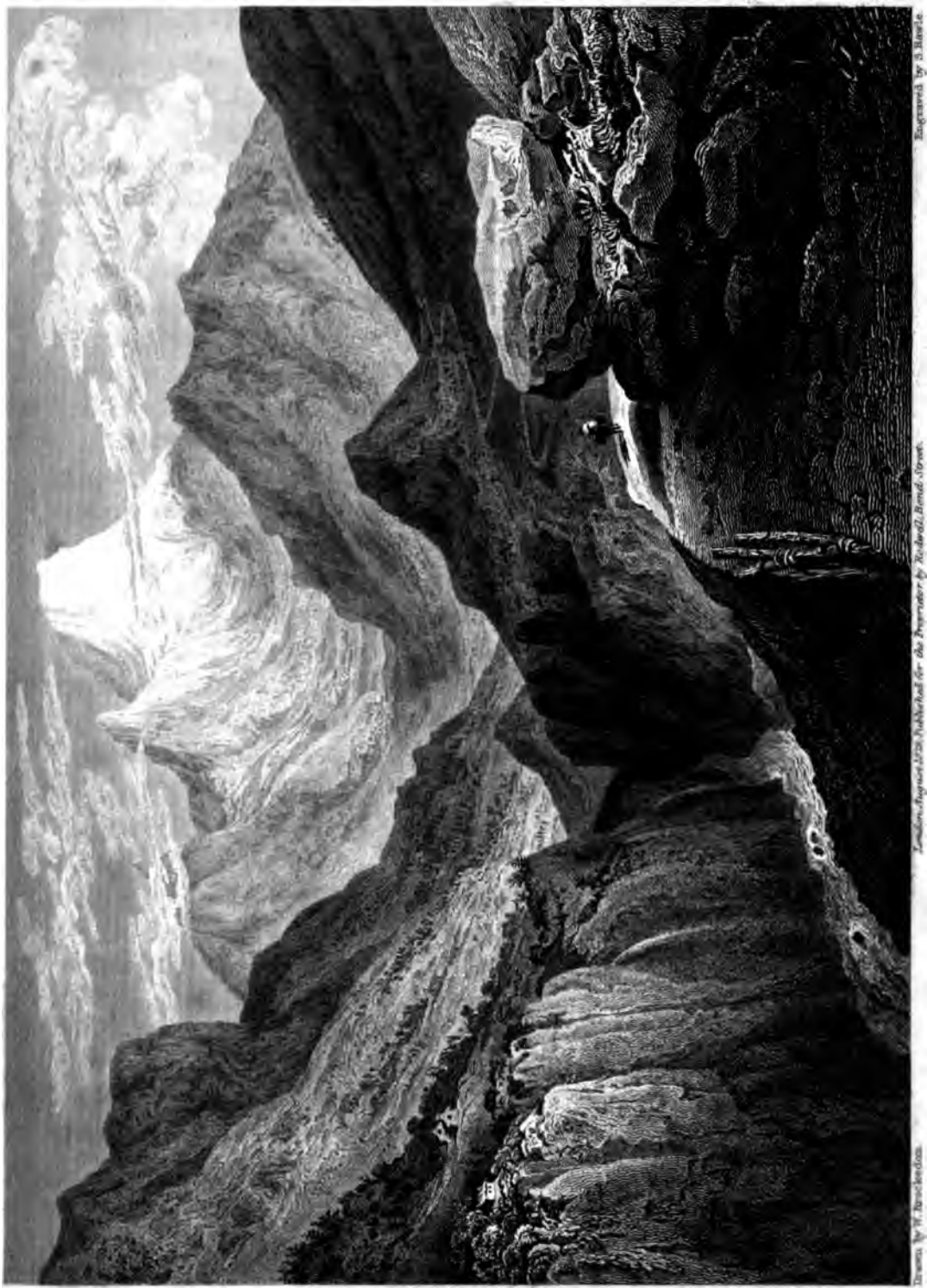
London, Aug 1828, Published for the Proprietor by Richard, No 21, Strand Street.

Drawn by W. Brockedon.

SCOTT HAUTHELYN AND THE UPPER VALLEY OF THE DUBANCO.
FROM THE ASCENT TO YANS.

Printed by M. G. S. 1828.



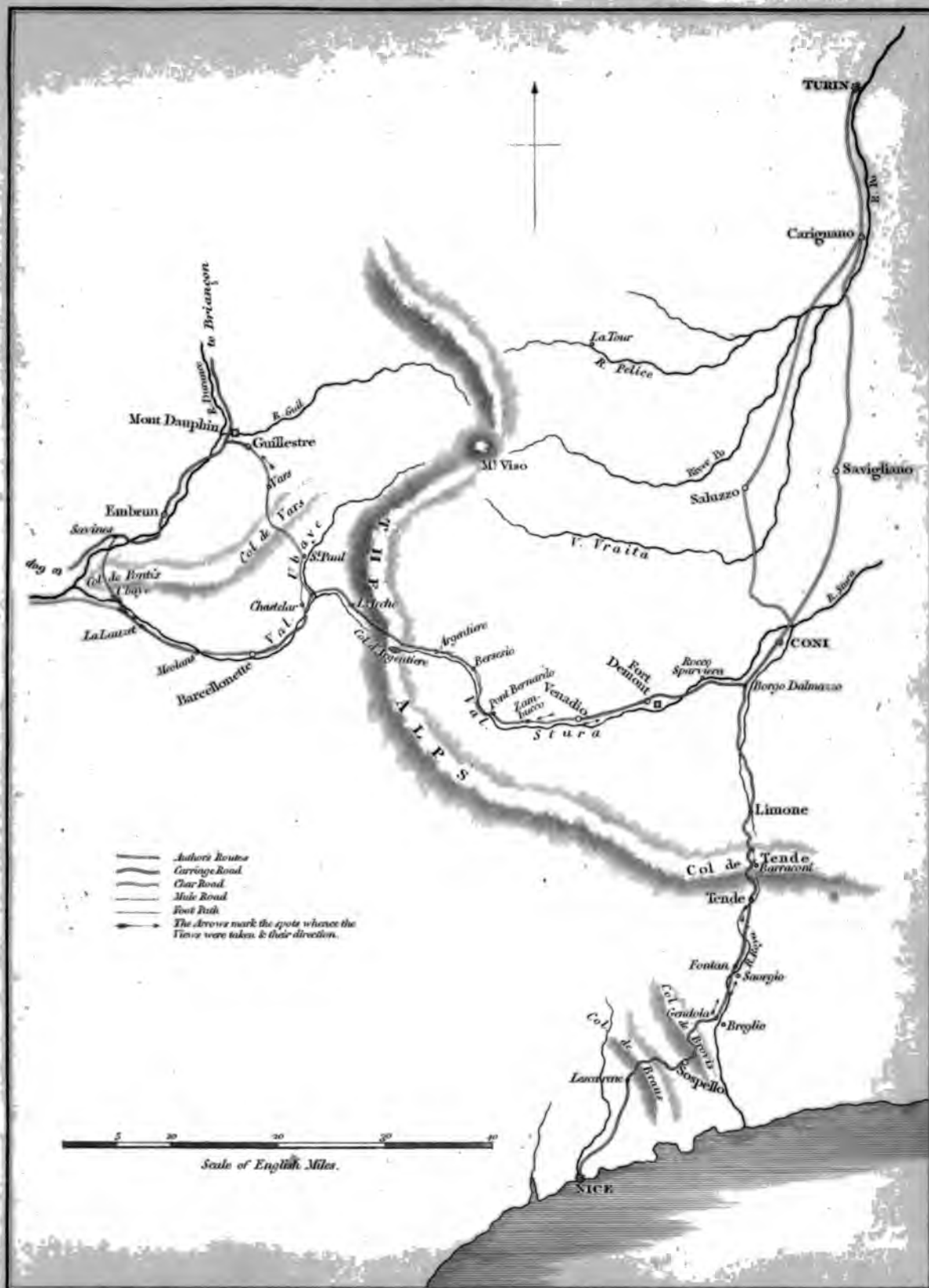


SCENE IN THE VALLEY OF THE URALE.

Painted by G. A. S. Davis.



PASSES OF THE ALPS.



Drawn by W. Brockton.

Published for the Proprietor, by Rodwell, New Bond Street, London.

Eng. by L. Brownsmith.

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE PASSES OF THE COL DE TENDE AND THE ARGENTIÈRE.





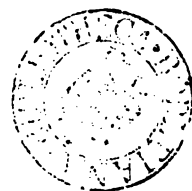
Drawn by W. H. Jackson

Engraved by Edw. F. Pinder

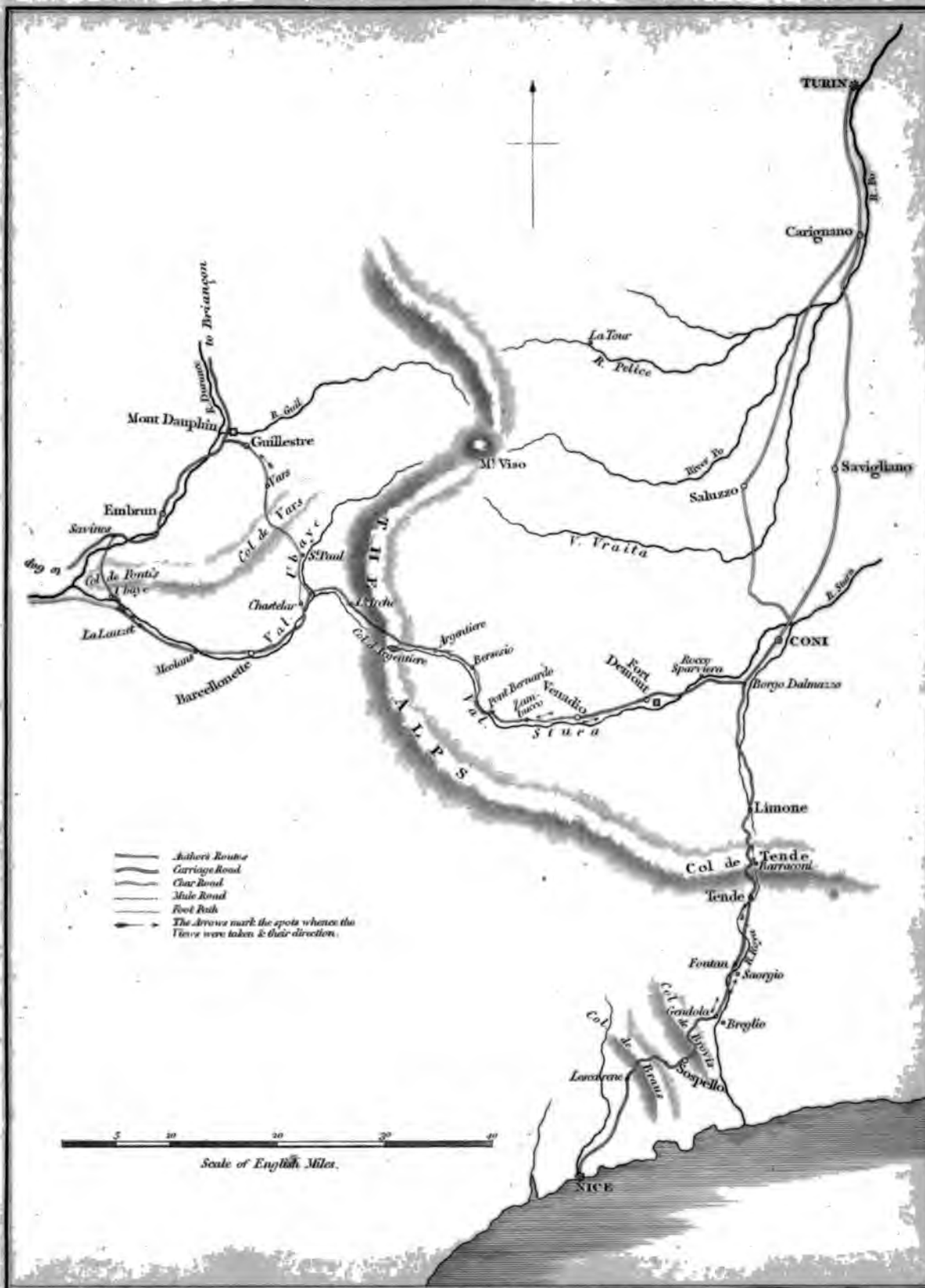
SCENE NEAR ZAMBUCCO,
VAL STURA.

Drawn by J. C. Smith

London, August 1829, Published for the Proprietor by Rodwell, Bond Street



PASSES OF THE ALPS.



Drawn by W. Rockwell

Published for the Proprietor, by Rodwell New Bond Street, London.

Eng² by Larrowsmith

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE PASSES OF THE COL DE TENDE AND THE ARGENTIÈRE



ROUTE
FROM
GENEVA TO DOMO D' OSSOLA,
BY
THE PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

THE beauty and grandeur of the scenery which enriches the course of the route of the Simplon, and the display which is there presented of one of the most daring and successful of the efforts of man, by the formation of a road for his free progress, where the barriers placed by nature had appeared to be insurmountable, are sources of pleasure, of admiration, and of amazement, to the traveller, which are excited in a much higher degree upon this pass of the Alps than upon any other where a road has been accomplished.

From Geneva, the route to the Simplon commences with the beautiful scenery of the lake; and the traveller has the choice of arriving by either shore at Saint Maurice, in the Valais. One road passes by the Pays de Vaud, on the Swiss side, through Coppet, Nyon, Rolle, Lausanne, Vevay, and Bex; the other, which is four leagues shorter, passes, on the Savoy side, through Thonon and by the rocks of Meillerie, where the construction and improvements of the road, in correspondence with those of the Simplon, have been considered as part of that great undertaking.

Soon after leaving Geneva, on the side of Savoy, the road passes through Cologny, whence, looking back, there is a beautiful view of Geneva, extending over the sites of numerous *campagnas*, which surround the city, and embellish the vast garden which is spread out at the lower extremity of the lake.

The road, after leaving Cologny, passes through Dovain, the first village in Savoy, to Thonon, the chief town of the province of Chablis. Thonon is situated on the shores of the lake at its widest part, where it is three leagues across. A little beyond this town the road leaves on the left the convent of Rapaille,* and proceeds to Evain, which is nearly opposite to Lausanne.

The finest parts of the new road, which borders on the lake, lie between Evain and Bouveret; this includes the magnificent constructions by the rocks of Meillerie, where the road is carried thirty feet above the waters of the lake on a terrace in front of the rocks, which have been cut away: the bases of these rocks sink, almost perpendicularly, to a level with the waters of the Mediterranean; for the greatest depth of the lake which is found near this shore, is above 1000 English feet, and the level of the lake is 1200 feet above the sea. The scenery along this shore is very beautiful, and across the lake objects of interest rapidly succeed each other from Lausanne to Vevay, Clarens, and the Castle of Chillon.†

At St. Gingulph, the territories of Savoy are again left, and the traveller enters the Swiss canton of the Valais; and, after passing on the left the swampy and extensive *embouchure* of the Rhone, which opens into the lake of Geneva, he arrives at Saint Maurice, the natural frontier of the Valais. The single arch thrown across the Rhone from the Canton de Vaud, — a picturesque object, which may be found in the folio of every artist and amateur who has passed that way,—and

* This abbey was built by Amadeus the Eighth, Duke of Savoy, who founded a convent of Augustine monks there, and retired from the government of Savoy to become the chief of his convent at Rapaille. During the disgraceful contests for the chair of St. Peter's in the fifteenth century, when three Popes governed at once, Amadeus was elected one of these, by the reunited council of Bâle, in opposition to Eugene IV.: he assumed the keys of St. Peter as Pius II., and kept his court at Bâle, Geneva, and Lausanne. After having created twenty-three cardinals, issued bulls, and given other proofs of his authority, he retired from the government of the church, which he had found to be more difficult than the government of the state of Savoy: he died in his bishopric of Geneva in 1451.

† With these places are associated the names of Gibbon, Kemble, Rousseau, and Byron!

the high rocks which bound the course of the Rhone, give to the scene a wild and imposing character. These rocks are the bases of the lofty mountains, the *Dents de Midi et de Morcles*, which are separated by the river, that rushes through the gorge, foul and foaming, into the bosom of the lake. During its repose there, the Rhone deposits its impurities, and flows out at Geneva bright and pure, and of the tint of heaven; until, again admitting the companionship of the foul Arve, it passes on contaminated and in violence to the sea.

The bridge which connects the two cantons, and the castle now in ruins, at the entrance to the Valais, have, in the love of antiquity, been attributed to Julius Cæsar; but this is questionable, and there is a greater probability of their having been built by the bishops of Sion, when the preservation of temporal power was so important to them: a toll was exacted upon the bridge, and a port cut off all communication with the Canton de Vaud when necessary. Saint Maurice was known to the Romans under the name of Agaunum, and numerous inscriptions mark its antiquity. The name of St. Maurice was derived from its abbey, founded in the sixth century by Sigismond, king of the Burgundians, in honour of St. Maurice, who is said, in the legends of the church, to have suffered martyrdom here, with all the Theban legion which he commanded, amounting to 6,000 men, in the year 392; a tradition as true probably as that of the 11,000 virgins of Cologne. Near St. Maurice are some retreats cut out of the face of an apparently inaccessible rock, where, in holy idleness, the *anachorètes de la Thébàide* formerly dwelt apart from the world. The sterility and wretchedness of the country, which extends about two leagues from St. Maurice to Martigny, is scarcely any where relieved by an object of interest, except at the magnificent cataract of the Pisse-vache: this falling torrent is first seen from the village of Mieville;* but its real

* End Vignette.



grandeur cannot be appreciated, owing to the magnitude of surrounding objects, except by approaching as near to it as possible, and climbing on a hill formed by the soil which has been thrown up by the tremendous force of the waters from a basin which they have excavated. In this situation, the noise, the volume, the velocity, and the height, (for it appears to be poured out from the heavens,) are appalling in their sublimity; an exquisite beauty is added to these in the morning, when the sun, shining on the light mists which are dashed up by the cataract and float around it, paints them with splendid irises, which vary in intenseness of colour as currents of air change the density of the mists. Not far from the Pisse-vache, the route passes the narrow gorge, whence the black waters of the Trient issue, to flow into the Rhone; and shortly after the Drance is crossed, beneath an old castle of the bishops of Sion, near Martigny.* From Martigny, the route of the Simplon ascends the valley of the Rhone at a right angle with its previous course from St. Maurice; and passes through the middle of the valley direct to Sion: this part of the Valais is spread out into a flat plain, swampy and unhealthy, where the heat of summer is intensely felt, and millions of musquitos exhaust the blood and spirits of the unfortunate traveller whom they assail. The chains of mountains which bound the Valais are of enormous height; and as many of the peaks rise from 10,000 to 14,000 English feet above the Rhone, this valley may be considered the deepest in the known world. It is bounded on the south by the great chain of the Alps, from Mont. Blanc to the Saint Gothard, including the Cervin and the Monte Rosa; and on the north by the Alps of the Oberland Bernoise, in which rise the Finsteraarhorn, the Jungfrau, and other enormous peaks.†

* A view is given of the valley of the Rhone from the castle, in the illustrations of the Pass of the Great St. Bernard.

† The dreadful afflictions of goitre and cretinism, which prevail to a great extent in the Valais, have been attributed by some authors to the stagnation of the air in this and other

Above Riddes the road crosses the Rhone, and on approaching Sion the marshes disappear, and fine pasturages and vineyards mark a more favoured spot. Near Sion, on the rocks which overhang the river, are the ruins of the old castles of Séon and Montorges, which frown in their decay over the valley that once groaned beneath the power of their tyrant owners, the bishops of Sion, whose names are consigned to infamy.* Their monstrous assumption of temporal authority roused at length the Valaisans, who had deserved their oppression and punishment for having so long forborne to crush the power assumed over them. The day of retribution came at last in 1417, when the bishop was expelled, and his castles burnt and destroyed; and where these abodes of tyranny had only been viewed with a shudder and a curse, are now seen houses and vineyards, which excite emotions of pleasure, to which the *ruins* of the castles contribute. Sion is situated in the widest part of the Valais; its appearance is remarkable from the chain of rocks on its eastern side, which are crowned with the old castle of Valérie, some Roman remains, an old Gothic church, and the ruins of the residence of Theodore, who was the first bishop of Sion, in the year 600. Another château, much more elevated than

deep valleys of the Alps; and by some, to the waters of the glaciers, which the inhabitants drink: but these, and many other causes which have been conjectured, appear to be equally fallacious. Goitres and cretins are no where seen in greater numbers and deformity than in the valley of Aosta; yet the valley of Anzasca, which is nearly parallel with it, is entirely free from these afflictions, although the inhabitants live in a deep valley, and drink the waters of the Anza, which flow from the glaciers of the Monte Rosa. Nor are these diseases confined to valleys; even in the plains of Piedmont, near St. Dalmazio, these objects of disgust and pity are common. The author has adopted an opinion, arising from extensive observation, that one of the chief causes of these complaints is to be found in the dirty habits of the communities afflicted. This is an opinion entertained by the clean and healthy mountaineers, who are free from goitre, and by the inhabitants of those valleys where personal cleanliness is regarded: for this the Anzascans, a race of fine men and beautiful women, are remarkable; whilst the dirty wretches where the affliction is found, stay all the winter with their cattle, seldom or never change their clothes, and dread water as if their disease were hydrophobia. Three or four filthy generations produce goitre, and it requires as many of clean habits to remove the punishment for their foul offences.

* The bishopric of Sion or Octodurum is one of the most ancient in Gaul. Theodore, a bishop of Octodurum, assisted at the council of Aquila in the year 381.

the former, is called Tourbillon, which was built by the bishops of Sion in 1492: it is attained by a narrow and difficult path among precipices. This castle, now in ruins, was the residence of the notorious bishop Matthew Schinner, who performed so important a part in the affairs of Italy at the commencement of the sixteenth century, and is remembered with infamy by the world. A third château, called Majorque or Mayerbourg, the residence of the later bishops of Sion, was at the foot of the hills of Valérie and Tourbillon; but it was burnt in the great fire of Sion in 1788. From the ruins of Tourbillon, the view up and down the valley is very fine. Opposite to Sion, the Val d'Herens opens into the Valais; it communicates at its upper extremity, by a very difficult pass across the glaciers, with the Val Pellina on the side of Aosta. Ascending the Valais above Sion, the traveller finds little to interest him. Opposite to Sierres, another valley, called the Val d'Anniviers, opens from the great chain of the Alps. This, and the valley of Herens, are little known to travellers; and the inhabitants, who are singularly primitive in their manners, are said to be rather uncivil to their visitors; this is reported to have been the character of the Upper Valaisans before the advantages of a more extensive intercourse with the world, by the formation of the route of the Simplon, led to a just estimate of its benefits, and the removal of jealousies. A little above Sierres, the new road re-crosses the Rhone, and continues on its left bank through the forest of Pfyn. The *débris* of the mountains brought down by the torrents from the southern boundary of the valley, render the preservation of the road very difficult in many parts of the route between Sierres and Tourtmagne. On passing the *embouchure* of the valley of the Dala, in which the baths of Louesch (Leuk) are situated, the savage mountain barrier of the Gemmi is seen, where an extraordinary road, for the pass which communicates with the Oberland Bernoise, is cut on what appears to be a perpendicular face of the mountain;

yet it is practicable in perfect safety for mules, and the pass from Louesch to the valley of Kander is one of the most remarkable in the Alps. Ascending the valley of the Rhone, the traveller crosses the torrent which descends from the Monte Rosa and the Mont Cervin, and issues from the valley of the Visp. The rivers which flow from the enormous glaciers of those mountains having united at Stalden, about eight miles up the valley, above the village of Visp, descend with great impetuosity, and join the Rhone, often with a larger body of waters than those into which they flow. Soon after leaving Visp, the road crosses the torrent of the Gamsa, near the remains of an ancient wall, supposed to have been built by the Romans, but which was the actual frontier of the Viberians, who inhabited the Upper Valais from the Gamsa to the source of the Rhone. The next post station above Visp is the town of Brigg, situated nearly forty miles below the source of the Rhone, at the foot of the Simplon. Its appearance is very singular; it is deeply seated amidst enormous mountains, and its towers, which are covered with tin plate, have an eastern character of form. During the years 1798, 1799, some severe battles were fought near Brigg. The Valaisans, and especially the inhabitants of the Upper Valais, a very brave race, resisted, with desperate courage, the invasion of the French; they fought to preserve their institutions from foreign interference, but they were compelled by numbers to submit, and were at last united with France in the department of the Simplon. But the change was of infinite benefit to them; the evils of the Revolution have passed away, and with them the evils which had long existed in the Valais. Its inhabitants hated the rest of the world, but in no proportion to the hatred which the Upper and Lower Valaisans bore towards each other. An equality of rights, and the removal of local restrictions, destroyed the sources of hatred and jealousy which had for ages divided them. The influx of strangers through their country, and the transport of merchandise by the new route of the Simplon,

have been sources of wealth and prosperity. After the events of 1815, the Valais, formerly an ally only of Switzerland, became incorporated with the cantons, and preserved the benefits which it had derived from the Revolution.

At Brigg the valley of the Rhone is left, and the ascent of the Simplon commences. Some parts of the route in its course, almost to the summit, may be traced on the sides of the dark and savage ravine through which the torrent of the Saltine descends from the glaciers of the Kaltwasser or Schonhorn. These glaciers, close to which the summit of the road passes, are seen from below; and it is rather fearful to contemplate, at such a height and distance, the point which must be attained by the traveller who would enter Italy by the Pass of the Simplon.

The route really commences at Glys; but as the best inns and accommodation are found at Brigg, travellers, almost without exception, commence their passage from the latter place,* as a short branch-road connects Brigg with the great route above the Pont de Saltine, which is 116 feet above the torrent,—one of those bold constructions which add to the wonders of this route; thence the road continues on the left towards Mount Calvary,† and after turning through the Brand-wald ascends to the base of the Clennenhorn, which bounds the eastern side of the valley of the Saltine. Here the scene is very grand; the rugged summits of the Glys-horn rise on the other side of a deep ravine, and tower above the passenger with awful effect; high up on the sides of the Glyshorn, fields and cottages are seen, so lofty and sloped as to appear inaccessible. The road winds round the

* It appears to have been usual formerly for travellers to assemble in numbers, and cross the mountain together. An author who travelled in Italy by the Simplon, in the year 1695, says, "those who enter Italy by this route assemble at Brigg, in order to pass together, with mutual assistance, those frightful mountains of Saint Plom. We met there about forty persons."

† A name common in Catholic countries to a hill which terminates a series of altars, or, as they are called, *stations*, where in Easter week certain ceremonies are performed.

base of the Clennenhorn into the deep and savage valley of Ganter, which terminates in glaciers. Across this valley, or rather ravine, a bridge is thrown, 80 feet above the torrent, and the road ascends by a zig-zag to the station of the third refuge* or Bersal, where there is an inn and post-house: thence following a course around the projections, and into the sinuosities of the mountain, the route again overhangs the deep ravine of the Saltine, its depth being concealed in many places by the pines and larches which clothe the sides of the mountain below the traveller. Some of these trees are of enormous magnitude, and some, stripped of their bark, and withered or crushed by the falling of rocks or avalanches, add by their form and colour to the grand and wild character of the scenery. The cottages on the sides of the Glyshorn, which appeared from below to be inaccessible, are now seen on the other side of the ravine, scarcely above the traveller, surrounded by fields of corn and fine pasturages, and attainable by paths, which the mountaineer climbs with great facility. Continuing to ascend, the elevation soon exceeds that at which the pine flourishes, larches endure a little longer; but these are few and stunted, and scarcely reach beyond the gallery of Schalbet, which is a rock excavated 100 feet in length, through which the road passes. After traversing this gallery, the scene becomes excessively wild and arid; the road winds along the brink of precipices, at a short distance only below the glaciers of the Schonhorn, whence torrents descend, which are the sources of the Saltine; these, led through finely constructed aqueducts, pass beneath the road, and fall into the ravine below. At the foot of the glaciers another gallery has been cut through the rock, 140 feet in length; but to guard against the avalanches to which this part of the road is exposed, covered ways have been recently constructed,

* Houses established on the line of road for the protection of travellers in storms.

in connexion with the glacier gallery, which extend their protection across the places exposed to danger.

The scene from the summit is very magnificent; between the Schalbet and the glacier galleries, the eye can descend to Naters, a village in the valley of the Rhone, and rise to the prodigious peaks which pinnacle the range of the Bernese Alps. From beyond the glacier gallery the view extends to the great glaciers of Alesch, which add their brilliancy to the scene; these, however, and the valley of the Rhone, cannot be seen from the same point: but the magnificent peaks of the Breithorn, the Jungfrau, and the Monch, form with their glaciers, over the deep valley of the Saltine, one of the finest scenes in this range of the Alps.* A little beyond the glacier gallery the highest point of the passage is attained: it is 6562 English feet above the level of the sea. Here there is a house of refuge, and a barrier where a toll is paid of six francs for each horse. The summit of the Simplon is a plain, rather spacious, but wild and desolate, except in the summer, when there is a rich pasturage on the mountain, and flocks enliven the scene a little; nothing, however, can be conceived more dismal than its winter aspect. The summit is exposed to dreadful storms,† and it was for protection against these that

* Plate the first.

† “ Le Général Turreau éprouva une de ces tourmentes, lorsqu’au retour de son premier voyage à Brigg, accompagné de son état-major et des ingénieurs des deux brigades, il voulut repasser le Simplon pour retourner à son quartier-général à Domo-d’Ossola. La neige tomboit en abondance; un vent violent et glacial de nord-ouest nous enveloppoit de tourbillons épais qui nous suffoquoient. Le général, ayant été renversé trois fois dans la neige à l’entrée du Col, malgré les efforts des personnes qui l’accompagnoient, et des gens du pays amenés exprès pour le passage, donna ordre de retourner à Brigg. M. l’ingénieur en chef Lescot et moi, nous trouvant à quinze pas en avant de ses aides-de-camp, ne pûmes entendre l’ordre; et après avoir attendu le général et nos camarades autant qu’il fut possible de le faire dans une semblable position, nous fûmes contraints d’avancer, et continuâmes la route avec deux hommes du pays, sans le secours desquels nous eussions infailliblement péri. Nous arrivâmes de nuit, épuisés par six heures d’une marche excessivement pénible, au village du Simplon, qui n’étoit éloigné que de deux lieues du point de séparation sur le Col. La neige, fortement gelée en grains fins, et sans cesse roulée par le vent, avoit si peu d’adhérence, que, quand l’un de nous tomboit, ce qui arrivoit souvent, il disparoissoit entièrement, et que l’on ne

the plan of a hospice was laid out and commenced ; but little beyond raising the walls above the foundation was accomplished ; its plan extended to two hundred feet long, seventy feet wide, and three stages high. It was proposed to place there fifteen persons, monks and domestics, and the establishment to have been a dependence upon the Great St. Bernard ; but it has been delayed or relinquished. There is, however, in the plain, on the right of the present route, an hospice, a singular-looking building, where travellers, overtaken by storms, or having met with accidents, are received by two or three brothers of the Great St. Bernard.

After passing the Old Hospice, the plain narrows to a valley ; and having crossed the torrents which descend from the Rosboden, the traveller enters the village of Simplon, situated 4840 feet above the level of the sea. A very comfortable inn in the village offers rest and refreshment ; and on arriving late from either side of the mountain, it is desirable, in order to enjoy the scenery of the pass, especially on the side of Italy, to remain at Simplon for the night, and descend the next morning. After leaving Simplon, the road advances towards the deep gorges of the Dovedro. From a part of the road where it makes an abrupt turn, the entrance to the gallery of Algaby is perceived, far below in the ravine ; but this appears so mere a speck, as to create a doubt of the possibility of the road passing through it. To follow the course of the Dovedro, an abrupt *détour* is made into the ravine of the Krumbach ; thence descending to the banks of the Dovedro, the traveller soon after enters the gallery of Algaby, 230 feet long, and bordering on the torrent ; thence the route accompanies the Dovedro in its deep

distinguoit l'endroit où il étoit que par l'agitation que ses mouvemens communiquoient à la surface de la neige, comme si c'eût été un fluide : aussi en arrivant trouvâmes-nous tous les interstices de nos vêtemens entièrement remplis de neige ; celle qui avoit pénétré jusqu'au corps, à demi-fondue par sa chaleur, et regelée ensuite par l'accroissement du froid de la nuit, s'étoit prise en masse et moulée sur les parties qu'elle enveloppoit, sans que nous nous en fussions aperçus pendant la marche."—*Observations, &c.* par A. R. POLONCEAU.

seclusion until it escapes into the Val d' Ossola, at Crevola. Here begin what are called *les belles horreurs* of the Simplon: the rocky and perpendicular bases of the mountains approach more closely, leaving only space for the road and the foaming torrent, which the latter in some places entirely usurps; and in such places the road is carried through galleries cut in the rocks. Where the ravine narrows, the mountains which bound it appear to increase in height. The road is sometimes scooped into the side of the rocks, sometimes it seems suspended over the abyss, and when neither a terrace nor a gallery can be made on one side, as at the Ponte Alto, a bridge of admirable construction crosses the torrent, and a line is found on the other side, where the route can be carried forward. From the overhanging rocks, in some places a thousand feet above the traveller, torrents are poured out, some of which from their height descend broken into mist; others, falling upon a shelving rock, foam in white lines over its surface: and near Gondo, a river gushes out with violence, and falls into the Dovedro. But the wonder of this part of the road is the great gallery, which is formed just below the place where a bridge leads from the right to the left bank of the Dovedro. The ravine ~~appears~~ to be closed in, and the only passage is by one of the ~~most~~ stupendous works ever accomplished—a gallery, cut through the granite, 596 English feet long, which at the opening on the Italian side crosses the waterfall of the Frassinone: this torrent, falling from a great height, rushes through the bridge thrown across it, and descends above 100 feet into the Dovedro, where the latter river, forming a cataract, meets the waters of the Frassinone in horrible commotion: it is a spot unrivalled in its astonishing effect.*

In the gallery there are two lateral openings, to light the traveller and to facilitate the excavation of the gallery, as

* Title Vignette.

four gangs of workmen were put on at the same time; these were relieved, and the works proceeded night and day during the formation of this wonderful excavation. Opposite to one of these openings, the following inscription is cut on the rock,—ÆRE ITALO 1805.

A little below the gallery the road descends by a zig-zag, where the ravine widens, and displays more awfully the heights of the rocks, which project in some places over the road. Masses like enormous towers, with perpendicular sides, bound the valley, and the road is carried through this extraordinary pass upon the *débris* which slopes down to the torrent.* Soon after, a strange and lofty building is seen, which serves as an inn and a place of refuge for travellers: this, together with a chapel and some cottages, form the village of Gondo. Near it a few trees begin to relieve the horrors of the defile of Dovedro. At length meadows appear, and amidst some fruit-trees is seen the village of Issel, on the frontier of Savoy, where the passports and baggage of travellers are examined. A little below Issel is another gallery, cut through the rock, but only thirty-four feet long: at this place the scenery loses much of its severity, but suddenly resuming it near Trasquera, the gigantic forms of the rocks are scarcely less awful than near Gondo. After having passed these, the traveller crosses the Cherasca, and enters upon the beautiful little amphitheatre in which are situated the villages of Dovedro and Varzo: here, the valley spreading out on the left, strikingly contrasts with the surrounding scenery, and displays houses, trees, vines, and meadows. The route thence continues, amidst scenery of less interest, to the last gallery, that of Crevola, which is carried nearly 200 feet through a rock, that has an opening cut on the side next the river for the admission of light. The road afterwards ascends to the little hamlet of Morgantino, and passes the

* Plate the second.

quarry whence the blocks of white marble were hewn for the columns of the triumphal arch erecting at Milan to commemorate the construction of the route of the Simplon.* From Morgantino the route gradually lowers to where the grand and beautiful Ponte Crevola crosses the Dovedro, at its entrance into the Val d' Ossola. This bridge is first seen where a view of the plains of Domo d' Ossola is also presented. The landscape is one of singular beauty; and its effect, bursting upon the traveller at the end of his journey through the savage defile of the Dovedro, is very impressive.†

The bridge of Crevola is one of the finest structures in the world: in the middle of the torrent a pier is raised 100 feet high, which carries two arches, resting on the rocks on either side of the ravine; its strength and elegance are equally remarkable: to do justice to it, the traveller should descend and view it from below Crevola.

From the bridge, the road proceeds in a direct line to the town of Domo d' Ossola. The richness of the plain, the brightness of the sky, and the mildness of the climate, already announce the Italian side of the Alps. The language, the costumes, and the manners, mark a people which differ greatly in character from even their nearest neighbours on the northern side of the mountains. Vines and Turkish corn enrich the appearance of the country, and the former are treated in a manner peculiar to this part of Italy. Posts of gneiss, which are obtained with great facility in this neighbourhood, are placed upright in the ground, and these have poles laid across them, upon which the vines are trained: this plan affords facility of access to the fruit, and the ground is not exhausted by the props, which is the case where trees are grown to support the vines. Near Domo d' Ossola is a Sacra Monte, or Calvary, where, in a series of *stations*, groups as large

* There are eight of these columns, each thirty-six feet long.

† Plate the third.

as life, in *terra cotta*, represent events in the passion of Christ: some of them ~~are~~ hideous, others are cleverly modelled. The hill is worth the traveller's visit, not only for these, but for the enjoyment of the beautiful scene from the chapel on the summit.

Domo d'Ossola is a place of great antiquity; it was founded by an ancient people of Etruria, and bore the name of Oscella before the erection of its cathedral; from this it derived the addition of Domo, which name alone it generally bears among the inhabitants. From Domo d'Ossola, the route descends towards Milan, through the rich plain watered by the Toccia, and the rivers Ovesca and Anza, which flow into it from the Alps, through the valleys of Antrona and Anzasca; the latter valley ascends to the Monte Rosa, and leads across the great chain by the Pass of the Moro, into the Valais: it is one of the most interesting valleys in the Alps, and abounds with scenes of unrivalled beauty and sublimity. In descending towards the Lago Maggiore the route passes the Toccia before arriving at Vogogna, and repasses it near the village of Ornavasso; thence it proceeds, leaving the Toccia on the left, and, near the little village of Gravellona, traverses the Negoglia, a river by which the waters of the Lake of Orta flow into the Lago Maggiore.* Shortly after, the route descends

* At one time it was intended to direct the course of the route of the Simplon by the Lake of Orta, to turn off at Gravellona and avoid the shores of the Lago Maggiore. This was the plan of General Chasseloup; but the necessity of rising to the level of the Lake of Orta and descending again to Arona, presented so many disadvantages, that the plan was abandoned. The route, however, by the Lake of Orta, anciently known as the *Lacus Cusius*, is one of singular beauty; and it is extraordinary that this romantic lake should be so little known. From Baveno, on the Lago Maggiore, to Omegna, on the Lake of Orta, is not more than two hours' drive, on an excellent carriage-road, which leaving the route of the Simplon at Gravellona, ascends the course of the Negoglia to Omegna, where boats may be had to take passengers or carriages to Buccione, at the head of the lake, passing by the town of Orta and the Isola de San Giulio, near the middle of the lake. There is a fairy appearance about this little island which is very beautiful, and its early history is not without romance. It is celebrated for the high antiquity of its church, in which the vertebra of a whale is shewn as that of a monstrous serpent which infested the island, and which was destroyed by San Giulio, who lived in the fourth century, and whose ashes are preserved in a subterranean vault. So much for tradition. It is recorded, however,

to Fariolo, and the Lago Maggiore bursts upon the traveller with all its beauty, its magnitude, and its splendour. Baveno, on the western shore of the lake, is a post station, and the place where travellers usually hire boats to visit the Borro-mean Islands; and there is no spot whence the grand forms of the mountains which surround the lake are so picturesque, or a view of the lake so beautiful: to this the islands greatly contribute, with the exception of the Isola-bella, which is worthy only of a rich man's misplaced extravagance, and the taste of a confectioner.*

that as early as 590 the island gave title to a dukedom, when Minulfo, Duke of S. Giulio, favoured the descent of the Franks by the Saint Gothard; but in the following year, Astolpho, the new king of the Lombards, punished him with the loss of his head. The island appears to have possessed great strength. Guilla, the wife of Berenger the Second, King of Lombardy, took refuge there in 962, and resolutely defended herself for two months against Otho the First, Emperor of Germany, who had invaded Italy and deposed her husband. Otho restored the island to the bishops of Novarra, who had long held it, before it was seized and usurped by Berenger. The town of Orta, opposite the island, is well built; and there is an excellent inn there, where travellers may be well accommodated at less than half the expense of the inn at Baveno. Behind Orta a hill rises, which is a sanctuary, dedicated to Saint Francis of Assise; upon it nineteen chapels are distributed, some of elegant architecture, and containing groups of figures in terra cotta, and pictures. The hill is laid out like a beautiful garden: this is the general character of the land bordering the lake, whence, probably, its name. The views from the hill of the sanctuary are charming. The lake is about nine miles long, surrounded by lofty mountains and wooded slopes, and having many villages on its shores. From Pella, between which village and the town of Orta lies the Isola S. Giulio, a mule-road leads over the mountain, by Arolo, to Varallo in the Val Sesia. At Varallo is the *Nuovo Gerusalemme* of Piedmont; its Sacra Monte, the most remarkable in Italy, is visited by thousands of devotees annually. From Baveno to Varallo by Pella, is only a day's journey; and the author, who has twice been that way, has no recollection of any scenery superior to the variety and beauty presented in this excursion.

To go to Arona from the Lake of Orta, the traveller lands at Buccione, at the head of the lake. The view from the road above this village is very fine, where the high peaks of the Monte Rosa add their grandeur to the beauties of the scene. (Plate the fifth.) A carriage may be hired at Buccione, which, passing through Borgomanera, will reach Arona in two or three hours. It is reported that such a road as that which was proposed by General Chasseloup has been decided upon by the King of Sardinia. It is to be made immediately, from Omegna to Buccione, to go round the eastern shore of the lake, and pass through the town of Orta.

* It is curious to observe the national differences of taste with which the Isola-bella is regarded. A French author writes, "L'Isola-bella elle est digne de son nom; elle ressemble à une île enchantée; palais merveilleux, magnifiques jardins, arbres odoriferans, fontaines cristallines, statues, bosquets, fleurs choisies, tout s'y trouve." Another, "L'Isola-bella est d'un genre de beauté qui tient du prodige. C'est à merveille de l'art et de la nature en

From Baveno the road is carried along on the borders of the lake on terraces of admirable construction, and scarcely less worthy of praise than the works in the ravine of the Dovetro. The scenes are beautiful along the western shores of the lake to Arona, through Stressa, Belgirate, and Lesa. On the approach to Arona, the statue of St. Carlo Borromeo is seen on the right of the road, upon a hill, to which a path leads from the route of the Simplon, about half-a-mile before arriving at Arona. This path conducts, in twenty minutes, to the celebrated bronze statue; and the traveller should not fail to visit this extraordinary work of art. It is placed in so favourable a situation, that a beautiful view of the Lago Maggiore is enjoyed at the same time, particularly from a short distance west of the statue, whence the Lake, the village of Angera on its opposite shore, and some mountains of the great chain in the Rhetian Alps, are seen. On the right are some of the chapels of the Sacra Monte of San Carlo; and below them, on the borders of the lake, the overhanging precipice beneath which the route of the Simplon passes to Arona.* The statue, with its pedestal, is 112 feet high, of which the pedestal is one-third. The head and hands are cast from models made by Cerano; they are of admirable workmanship, and the mild, dignified, and benevolent expression of the head exceeds all praise. The drapery is composed of sheets of copper, so ingeniously wrought that

même-temps, une véritable île enchantée. Ses bosquets ne peuvent être comparés qu'à ceux d'Idalie; ses jardins qu'à celui des Hespérides; son palais qu'à celui d'Armide." An English author describes the gardens as raised "on a pyramid of ten terraces resting on arches, which are built upon the rocks of the island, and each of the angles of the terraces adorned with acute pyramids of stone, resting upon balls at the angles of their bases, and bearing on their apices wretched tin ornaments; some of the angles have trees, 'fantastically carved;' others, ugly, disproportioned statues, each holding tin emblems: the grand figure surmounting all this trumpery is equestrian, with tin feathers springing from its back, intended perhaps for Pegasus." Another author says, "This whimsical structure, from a distance on the lake, suggests the idea of a huge Périgord pie, stuck all over with heads of woodcocks and partridges." What is taste? the French and Italians admire all this, and they say that they are judges.

* Plate the sixth.

the edges are concealed in the folds, and the appearance of the whole statue is like a single cast. The action of the figure is that which is used in the church of Rome in blessing; the right hand is extended, the left holds a book. This statue was erected in 1697, at the expense of the Milanese, in reverence and in gratitude to their patron saint. The artists employed upon it were Siro Zanelli of Pavia, and Bernardo Falconi of Lugano. It is certainly one of the wonders of Italy, if not of the world.

The entrance to Arona from the Simplon is at the foot of a huge cliff which overhangs the lake, and it is difficult to pass beneath it without feeling an emotion of danger. The town from many points is picturesque; its port on the lake is enclosed within walls, having the opening flanked by two towers; between these a chain is drawn at night, which closes the entrance. This is the chief port belonging to Sardinia on the lake, and is of much importance to this government; for all the merchandise going from Genoa and the states of Sardinia to Switzerland, passes by Arona. Between this port and Locarno, the commerce, since the completion of the route by the Bernardin into the Grisons, is considerable; and a great increase of intercourse with Switzerland may be expected when a carriage-road, now in progress, over the St. Gothard, shall have been completed. The borders of the lake are within three governments — the Lombard-Venetian, the Swiss Canton of the Tessin, and that of Sardinia.

At an hour's drive from Arona the lake contracts and forms the river Tessin, which is crossed on a flying-bridge, where the traveller leaves Sardinia, and arrives at Sesto Calende, in the Lombard-Venetian States. From Sesto Calende to Milan, about ten leagues, the magnificent route, which bears the name of the *Strada Sempione*, lies through a country unequalled in the abundant productions of its soil, but it is devoid of picturesque interest, except where the great chain of the Alps, stretching across the horizon, is seen from some parts of the

road, particularly near **Somma**, with its chief and beautiful object, **Monte Rosa**, towering over the range. On the right of this mountain lies the **Monte Leone**, which bounds the Pass of the Simplon.* By those who see the Alps for the first time under such an aspect, they are often mistaken for light clouds lying on the horizon, their bases being generally invisible through the haze of an extensive intervening plain. There is an exquisite beauty in their appearance under these circumstances, which cannot be described. The route continues through numerous towns and villages, among others, **Gallarate**, **Castallanza**, and **Ro**; the latter is remarkable for its magnificent church. **Milan** is scarcely seen before it is entered. When near it, a glimpse is sometimes caught of the spire of the **Duomo**, but the traveller generally arrives abruptly under the walls of the city.

The grand entrance to **Milan**, from the **Strada Sempione**, by a triumphal arch, which is intended to commemorate the formation of the route of the Simplon, is not yet completed; but the Austrian government in Lombardy, after having allowed the work to remain neglected for many years, has at length been urged by shame, or a better feeling, to proceed with this magnificent structure, and there is some hope of its completion. The design by the Marquis **Luigi Cagnola**, and the admirable execution of such details as are prepared, lead to the expectation that it will be, when finished, the grandest work of its class.

The early history of the Pass of the Simplon is involved in much obscurity, and nothing certain is known even of the origin of its name. It is supposed to have been frequented in very early ages; and there is a tradition, that three years before the battle of the consuls **Marius** and **Catullus** with the **Cimbri**, the consul **Q. Servilius Cœpio** led some Roman legions across this mountain to oppose those northern enemies

* Plate the seventh.

of Rome, in Transalpine Gaul. Some have sought the etymology of the Simplon in the consular name of Sempornius; but no certain events are recorded which determine the passage of any Roman consul by the Simplon. In many old accounts of the pass it is called Saint Plom; but whether a classical name has thus been vulgarised, or this has been derived from some catholic saint, is as uncertain and obscure as the dark ages through which these traditions have descended to us. The future importance of the Simplon, however, will be referred to Napoleon only, under whose orders the present road was constructed.

The new route of the Simplon was, in its intention and its execution, a military work.* It was determined upon immediately after the battle of Marengo, whilst the difficulties of the passage of the Great St. Bernard, and the almost fatal check of Fort Bard, were fresh in the recollection of Napoleon. In November 1800, he directed the minister of war to send two brigades of engineers, under General Turreau, to open a route practicable for artillery across the Simplon. The first of these brigades was stationed between Brigg, on the Swiss side of the pass, and Algaby; and the second between Algaby and Domo d' Ossolo, on the side of Italy. Little appears to have been done, and that not in the most judicious way, until, in the winter of the same year, M. Céard, who was at that time engineer-in-chief of the department of

* Napoleon has been charged, by those who can see no redeeming trait in his character, with constructing works only to gratify his ambition or his vanity, and not to serve mankind: let the reply to this accusation be found in the following list of some of the public works executed or commenced under his orders in France, Italy, Germany, and Holland, between 1800 and 1812:—Eighteen new routes, exceeding 500 leagues; eighty new bridges, exceeding 60 feet in length, of which 30 are from 300 to 2000 feet; thirty great canals; the Seine, the Loire, and other rivers, rendered navigable by tunnels, dykes, quays, sluices, &c.; twenty-five ports constructed or re-established, among which are the ports of Antwerp and Cherbourg.—See *Travaux des Ponts et Chaussées depuis 1800; ou, Tableau des Constructions Neuves faites sous le Règne de Napoleon 1^{er}. en Routes, Ponts, Canaux, et des Travaux entrepris pour la Navigation Fluviale, des Desséchemens, les Ports de Commerce, &c.* Par M. COURTIN, Secrétaire-Général de la Direction Générale des Ponts et Chaussées. Paris. Gouury, 1812.

Leman, received the orders of the minister of war, and the director-general of the *ponts et chaussées*, to take charge of the operations on the Simplon, as engineer of the works and inspector-general. This distinguished engineer arrived at the Simplon on the 22d of March, 1801, and immediately surveyed the entire line of road, which he varied in many important points from that which had been intended by those who had preceded him, and became the author of the plan ultimately adopted for the traverse of the mountain, as well as of those additions which rendered this magnificent road complete, from Domo d' Ossola to Arona, on the side of Italy, and from Brigg to Thonon, on the side of Switzerland.*

The works of the Simplon were shortly after their commencement transferred to the superintendence of the minister of the interior, but their execution from the beginning had been confided to the engineers of the *ponts et chaussées*. Under each of those authorities M. Céard continued the chief engineer and superintendent of all the works to their completion.†

* It had been contemplated by the Cisalpine republic to open the route of the Simplon as early as the year 1798, when M. Céard was consulted upon the undertaking by the Italian minister Cerbellini, at the house of the minister Le Croix, in Paris. The abilities of M. Céard were also called into service on the passes of the Jura, Cerdon, and Mount Tarrare; and he may be said to have been employed in removing the mountain obstacles which existed between the Simplon and Paris.

† The chief engineer of such a stupendous undertaking would naturally be jealous of the distinguished honour which its accomplishment obtained from an applauding world. After fifty years of distinguished public service, M. Céard had retired, in 1815, to the bosom of his family, to repose beneath his laurels, when an attempt was rudely made to wrest them from him by one who had held a subordinate situation in the works of the Simplon. In a national publication, entitled "Monumens des Victoires et Conquêtes des Français," &c. published by Panckoucke, at Paris, and edited by M. Ch. Dupin, the route of the Simplon was thought worthy of the honour of holding the first place; but the book is disgraced by the following unjust report of the engineers engaged upon the Simplon: "Nous terminerons cette description des travaux du Simplon en disant quelques mots des ingénieurs qui les ont exécutés. M. Lescot, premier ingénieur-en-chef, fut, après sa mort, remplacé par M. Houdouart. Les quatre jeunes ingénieurs qui ont tracé la route avec tant de courage et de zèle, et qui ont triomphé des plus grandes difficultés de l'entreprise, sont MM. Cordier, Polonceau, Coïc, et Baduel." "M. Polonceau est maintenant ingénieur-en-chef du département de Seine et Oise: c'est à son obligeance que nous devons une foule de renseignemens précieux sur la route du Simplon.

Between the Mediterranean and the Tyrol there are now ten carriage-roads across the Alps, and others are in progress by the Saint Gothard and the Maloya. Austria has constructed the Stelvio, but it was to serve her own interests in

La notice que M. Polonceau a bien voulu nous remettre à ce sujet nous a été du plus grand secours. M. Cordier et M. Polonceau sont les seuls ingénieurs qui aient dirigé les travaux depuis leur première trace jusqu'à leur achèvement." "M. Céard, inspecteur-divisionnaire, à partir de la fin de l'an IX (1801), fut chargé de l'inspection des travaux: on lui doit le plan de deux ponts principaux." This report has evidently been furnished by M. Polonceau, who has made M. Ch. Dupin the agent of his vanity and injustice; "Les quatre jeunes ingénieurs," at the time of their accompanying General Turreau to the Simplon were *élèves ingénieurs*, pupils of *l'Ecole Polytechnique*, who were fortunate in being appointed upon such a work as the Simplon, before they had even finished their studies in the School of Application; they held no grade as engineers. Under M. Céard they rose to distinction, and were recommended by him to the government. How M. Polonceau repaid the obligations, his *renseignemens précieux* sufficiently shew. M. Céard, who was living when the "Monumens des Victoires et Conquêtes" was published, hastened to vindicate his just claims to the honours which he had received, in a pamphlet (*Mémoire et Observations Historiques et Critiques sur la Route du Simplon*, adressés à M. Ch. Dupin. Par N. Céard. 4to. Paris, 1820), which contains such evidence as exposes the unfounded pretensions of M. Polonceau; who, in a reply (*Observations sur un Mémoire relatif à la Route du Simplon*. Par A. R. Polonceau), has made a futile attempt to screen himself from the discredit which has recoiled upon him in the endeavour to outrage the honour of his ancient chief. M. Polonceau's reply principally confines itself to points relating to the works, which are merely matters of disputed opinion between professional men: it replies also to some charges of insubordination and obstinacy; but it contains not one line of admissible excuse for having employed the work of M. Ch. Dupin to boast of the honours of which he had despoiled another.

A slight inquiry must have discovered the fact, that M. Polonceau was a very young man, about the age of twenty, who had just left school, when he went with General Turreau to the Simplon, only a few months before he was placed under M. Céard. Yet, in the notice above quoted from *these renseignements*, M. Polonceau says, that he and M. Cordier "*sont les seuls ingénieurs qui aient dirigé les travaux, depuis leur première trace jusqu'à leur achèvement.*" Can any person believe Napoleon guilty of the folly of intrusting such a work to untried boys? Why was M. Céard called upon by the government in little more than a month after the brigades under General Turreau had reached their destination? Certainly to employ his known skill and ability as engineer-in-chief and director of the works; which implies how little the party already there had the confidence of the government. M. Polonceau acknowledges, in his reply to M. Céard's charges, though he withholds it in "*renseignemens précieux*," that "dans le même hiver, M. Céard, alors ingénieur en chef à Genève, fut chargé de l'inspection générale de la route; fonctions qu'il a remplies d'abord sous le titre d'ingénieur en chef directeur, ensuite sous celui d'inspecteur-divisionnaire" — this was when his plans were being carried into effect, and his duty was to inspect their completion; and he did superintend the works until they were finished, under the authority of the Ministers of the Interior, for which he received their acknowledgments, and honours from Napoleon. M. Polonceau says, page 3 of his *Observations*, "Mais l'article de M. Dupin étoit consacré à la gloire des nations

the control of Lombardy. It has been said that her influence in the court of Sardinia has been a great check to the improvements of which Piedmont and Savoy are capable, and this influence has been especially exercised in preventing

Française et Italienne, et non à celle des individus." Why then so particularly claim the honour for himself of which he would despoil another? If the least doubt can remain of M. Polonceau's having taken a credit to which he had no claim, the following extract from a letter, dated 10 Vendémiaire, an X. (October 2, 1801), addressed by his mother to M. Céard, must remove it:—"Si les travaux doivent continuer, veuillez, Monsieur, demandez sans délai un élève pour remplacer mon fils? &c. On ne me persuadera pas que mon fils en ce moment soit nécessaire pour la conduite des travaux. N'étant que très-subordonné pour ces opérations, tout autre peut tenir sa place. L'autorité d'inspecteur-général des travaux du Simplon laisse entre vos mains le sort de mon fils," &c.

In 1812, a work was published by M. Courtin, secrétaire-général de la direction générale de ponts et chaussées, entitled, "*Travaux des Ponts et Chaussées depuis 1800, ou tableau des constructions neuves faites sous Napoléon, en routes, ponts, canaux, &c.*" In this work, the author, who had official information and authority, writing of the Simplon, page 46, mentions "M. Céard, auteur du projet;" and in page 53, "les ingénieurs qui ont fait exécuter cette belle route, sous la direction de M. Céard, auteur du projet, sont MM. Houdouart, Cordier, Plainchant, et Polonceau. MM. Gianelli et Bossi, ingénieurs Italiens, ont exécuté la partie du côté du royaume d'Italie." The French brigade on the Italian side, between Algaby and Domo d'Ossola, was, after about eighteen months, recalled; when it was replaced by the Italian engineers MM. Gianelli, Bossi, and Viviani; of whom M. Céard makes most honourable mention, as having overcome, on their side of the Simplon, difficulties which greatly exceeded those with which the first brigade had had to contend.

One reason for delaying the publication of the Pass of the Simplon until the last Number of this Work, was to make full inquiry into the subject, and to examine the plans, papers, and other documents, in the possession of the son of M. Céard, at Geneva: these were shewn, in September 1829, to the author, who had by this time possessed himself of every work referred to by M. Céard in his memoir, as well as others upon the subject, and also of the reply of M. Polonceau, with which M. Cordier has identified himself in a sort of postscript, wherein he seems, from the tenor of his remarks, to have fancied that a sneer could remove his share of the discredit attached to the transaction, but which it has only served to confirm. M. Polonceau is said to rank high in his profession as an able engineer: if so, his excuse is the less, for having attempted, surreptitiously, to take the distinguished honours of his former chief to add to those which he had himself fairly acquired.

The circumstances which led to this inquiry and statement on the part of the author of the "*Passes of the Alps*," will be found in the following letter:—

"MONSIEUR,

Genève, le 17 Juillet, 1827.

"Quoique je n'aie pas l'honneur d'être connu de vous, permettez moi de vous écrire dans les circonstances que voici.

"J'ai vu, il y a peu de jours, entre les mains de M. Deluc, le naturaliste en cette ville, une des livraisons du beau recueil que vous avez composé et que vous publiez sur les Passages des Alpes; et j'ai pensé qu'il vous seroit agréable d'avoir sur celui du Simplon les notices contenues dans le petit ouvrage de mon père, que je me permets de joindre à la présente, en vous priant de l'accepter. Mon père, Monsieur, fut chargé dans le temps par l'Empereur Napoléon de faire

the construction of a good carriage-road across the Little Saint Bernard. The accomplishment of this would be one of the most important services which Carlo Felice could render to his subjects of the dutchy of Aosta, of the Tarentaise, and of Faucigny. At present this benefit is withheld, from the fear of a possible invasion by that road from France. Were the French restrained by the want of good roads in 1800? The subjects of Austria feel not the injury of withholding this boon, but the Piedmontese and Savoyards do, and their government ought not to sacrifice the interests of her subjects to the fears and jealousies of Austria. To make a carriage-road over the Little St. Bernard would be attended with no difficulty: it is already the easiest of the unmade passes of the Alps; and the expense of forming a good road from Bourg Saint Maurice to Pré Saint Didier would be borne with cheerfulness by the inhabitants on the line of road from

le projet de la route qui devoit traverser le Simplon,— une pareille commission exigeoit chez celui qui en étoit chargé des talens et une grande expérience: j'ose dire que mon père possédoit l'un et l'autre; il s'acquitta des ordres qui lui furent donnés à cet égard, personne ne travailla au projet que lui; et je possède, à la disposition de tous ceux qui pourront désirer le voir, le plan original de ce projet, dessiné de la main de mon père, et revêtu de l'arrêté d'exécution du directeur général du corps des ponts et chaussées. Indépendamment de ce premier mérite, que personne, sans l'injustice la plus criante, ne peut contester à mon père, et que je réclamerai tant que je vivrai pour sa mémoire, il a eu celui de diriger les travaux jusqu'à leur entière exécution, et de mettre de l'ensemble dans les opérations des ingénieurs qui lui étoient tous subordonnés pour cette grande opération. Voilà, Monsieur, des faits dont je puis fournir la preuve par tous les papiers de cette grande affaire, qui sont entre mes mains. Vous comprendrez d'après cela, l'indignation qu'éprouvoit mon père quand il a composé l'écrit que j'ai l'honneur de vous envoyer, qui pourra d'ailleurs vous être utile par les renseignemens qu'il contient, et par la carte qui y est jointe, dont toutes celles qui ont paru depuis ne sont que des copies plus ou moins complètes.

“ J'aurois cru, Monsieur, ne pas faire tout ce que je dois à la mémoire de mon père, si, aussitôt que j'ai eu connaissance de votre bel ouvrage, je ne vous avois pas mis à même de dire un mot de l'ingénieur qui a travaillé à aplanir, dans un de leurs passages, ces Alpes que vous avez tant étudiées et admirées dans leur immense et majestueux ensemble.

“ Si j'étois ~~plus~~ heureux pour vous voir un jour à Genève, ou pour pouvoir vous fournir quelques documens qui puissent vous être utiles, veuillez être persuadé, Monsieur, de l'empressement que je mettrois, soit à vous donner de vive voix, soit à vous fournir par écrit, tous les renseignemens qui pourroient vous être agréables.

“ J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec une considération très distinguée, Monsieur, votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

“ **CEARD**, Procureur Général de la République et Canton de Genève.”

L'Hôpital Conflans to Ivrea, whom it would more immediately benefit. The French under Napoleon had surveyed the pass with the intention of making such a road, and it is to be hoped that this desirable object may yet be accomplished. It would greatly add to the influx of strangers into Piedmont, who would thus be enabled to visit the eastern side of Mont Blanc, the baths of Cormayeur, and the beautiful valley of Aosta, and who, instead of spending so much of their money in Switzerland, would disburse some of it in visiting the beautiful scenery of Dauphiny and Piedmont.

The object originally contemplated by the author of this work, was an illustration of the route of Hannibal across the Alps; he had become interested in this subject chiefly by reading that clear and able inquiry, entitled "A Dissertation on the Passage of Hannibal over the Alps, by a member of the University of Oxford." After an attentive perusal, it occurred to the author, that such scenes and facts as the site of an encampment, the locale of a roche-blanche, and a ravine where an accumulation of snow could occur, were subjects which the pencil might illustrate, and remove, by views of those scenes, the doubts which description alone might have left. The author visited the Alps expressly for this object; but after having traversed the great chain by several passes, he thought that the subject was capable of extension, and that scenes illustrative of the various routes across the Alps, would be interesting to those who had not travelled there, and renew the recollections of those who had. Fidelity of representation, rather than picturesque effect, has been his object as an artist; and in his examination and inquiries into the topography and history of the Alps, he thinks that he may, without presumption, claim the merit of not having lightly undertaken his task; since he has, expressly for this work, before and during its publication, traversed the Alps nearly sixty times, and by above thirty different routes into Italy, from the states on its frontiers.

With reference to the passage of Hannibal, the result of the author's examination and inquiry has left upon his mind the most perfect conviction, that it was by the Pass of the Little St. Bernard, and that it is to this pass only that the description of Polybius can apply. The adoption of this author's history of the event, as the sole authority upon the subject, has been induced by his declaration, that he made journeys in the Alps expressly to retrace the steps of Hannibal. These journeys were made within a few years after the event which Polybius describes, while persons were yet living who had been eye-witnesses of the passage of the army, and who furnished him with information and details. He avows that the object of his retracing the steps of the Carthaginian general arose not only from his admiration of the exploit, but to settle the contradictions which had even then appeared in the narrations of those who described the event, and who had already embellished it with fables. The history of Polybius is remarkable for its clearness and detailed description of scenes and events. Unfortunately, from his having written in Greek, few of the names of places, or of the people in the line of march, are recorded by him; but the times and distances are so carefully marked, and the places where certain events occurred are so clearly and admirably described, that the true route has been discovered by the evidence which still exists, in perfect concurrence with his account; and these coincidences are found on the Pass of the Little St. Bernard, and on no other.

Various authors have supposed a different line of march, but they have either taken Livy as authority, or attempted a reconciliation of Livy with Polybius: this, however, is impracticable, for Livy is so inconsistent with himself, that an actual examination of the Alps, upon the route which he states to have been the pass of Hannibal—the Mont Genève—is at variance with his own description; whilst the absurdities with which he has laden his narrative shew that he had

adopted such fabulous accounts as Polybius had despised and rejected, and had sought to reconcile them with the clear and simple narrative of Polybius himself, where such narrative related to the passing events of the march, but without acknowledging the author from whom he had so largely and literally borrowed.

The errors into which those have fallen who, in writing upon the subject of Hannibal's passage, have taken Livy as authority, have arisen from their being as ignorant of the Alps as was Livy himself, and from having fancied that maps and descriptions alone were requisite, not only for understanding the subject, but for informing others. This has produced the absurdities of Whitaker and Folard, and the errors of Letronne and of many others. Some, with preconceived notions, have traversed the Alps, and eked out their conjectures by bits from Livy and Polybius, quoting from the one or the other where it favoured their views, and rejecting both under the charge of error, presumption, or interpolation, where neither could be made to agree with the theory which they had originally formed.

Very few of the authors who have written upon the subject of Hannibal's passage are worth the trouble of confuting. Nothing but actual survey can determine what pass agrees with Polybius's description of the occurrences. General Melville, a man admirably qualified to investigate the subject, with the history of Polybius in his hand, traversed many of the passes which had been supposed to be the route of Hannibal; but it was upon the Little Saint Bernard only that he found those coincidences of place and distance with the events of Hannibal's march, which established his conviction that it was there that the Carthaginian army had passed. The result of his labours and investigation he placed in the hands of Mr. Whitaker, who, treating the communication with contempt, fancied that by maps and authors alone he could arrive at a conclusion more favourable to his prejudices upon the

subject. This led him into such errors as those of supposing the site of an encampment of 30,000 men to have been where 500 could not be drilled!—the existence of a market town, the Forum Claudii, on the Great Saint Bernard!!—and such a view of the plains of Italy, that Hannibal pointed them out to his soldiers, and shewed them “through clouds immediately under their feet, the very position of Rome itself, at the distance of 400 miles, in some bright ray issuing from a distant cloud”!!! It was fortunate that General Melville’s papers were not mixed up with the follies and pedantries of Mr. Whitaker’s book. These papers afterwards fell into the hands of M. J. A. Deluc, of Geneva, whilst he resided in England; and struck with the remarkable clearness of the general’s views, M. Deluc has given to the world a “*Histoire du Passage des Alps par Annibal*” (Geneva and Paris, 1825, 2d edition), which appears to have set the question at rest, at least of the passage of the great chain by the Little Saint Bernard, and generally of the entrance to the Alps by the Mont du Chat.*

Since M. Deluc’s work appeared, two English gentlemen, Messrs. Wickham and Cramer, have traversed the Alps by every route which has been conjectured to be that of Hannibal, and their “*Dissertation on the Passage of Hannibal over the Alps*” (London, 1828), is so conclusive, that the author, who has three times visited the Little Saint Bernard, cannot conceive how any one acquainted with the Alps, and especially with that Pass, can withhold his conviction that this was the route by which the Carthaginian army entered Italy.

* The author visited the Mont du Chat in 1829, and he concurs entirely upon this part of the subject with M. Deluc, and Messrs. Wickham and Cramer. The situation of the precipices, and the appearance of the pass, agree in a remarkable manner with the account of Polybius.

THE END.

LONDON:
J. MOYES, TOOK’S COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

**THE
PASS OF THE SIMPLON.**



Designed by W. H. St. John

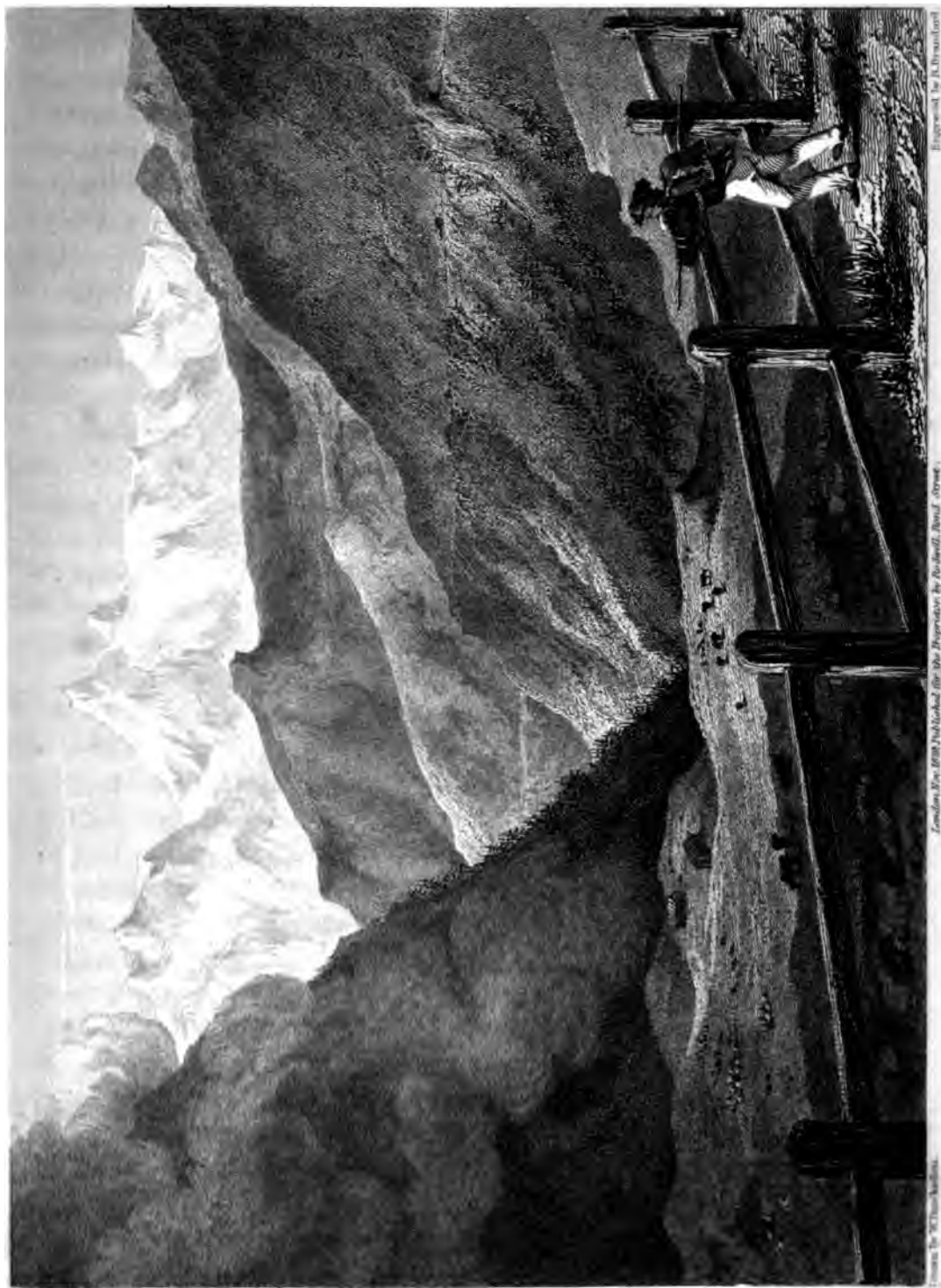
Engraved by J. H. P. Smith

ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT RAILWAY TUNNEL AT CHAM.

London, November 1870. Published for the Proprietor by H. K. B. B. B. B. B.

Printed by W. H. St. John





THE SEASIDE ALPS FROM THE SIMPSON.

Printed by J. Smith.







Engraved by J. Cousen

London: New 2029 Published for the Proprietors by Richard, Bond, Street.

Drawn by W. Brockwell.

VAL D'OMOLA FROM THE DEFILE OF THE DOVIERO.

Printed by H. B. Smith.





Drawn by W. Brockerton.

London, Nov. 1858. Published for the Proprietor, by Rodwell, Barnard, Street.

Engraved by J. J. Willmore.

THE LAKE OF ORTA.

Bound by J. H. Baskin.





Engraved by J.T. Willmore.

London, Nov. 1869, Published for the Proprietor by Ashwell, Bond Street.

Designed by W. Brockedon.

THE LAKE OF GENA.

Designed by J.H. Sturges.





Engraved by E. J. Pindar.

London: Published by the Proprietor, at the Strand, near the Theatre.

Drawn by W. D. B. B. B.

MADE IN AUSTRIA.

Printed by J. B. B.





Engraved by J. G. Jones.

Engraved by E. A. Pinder.

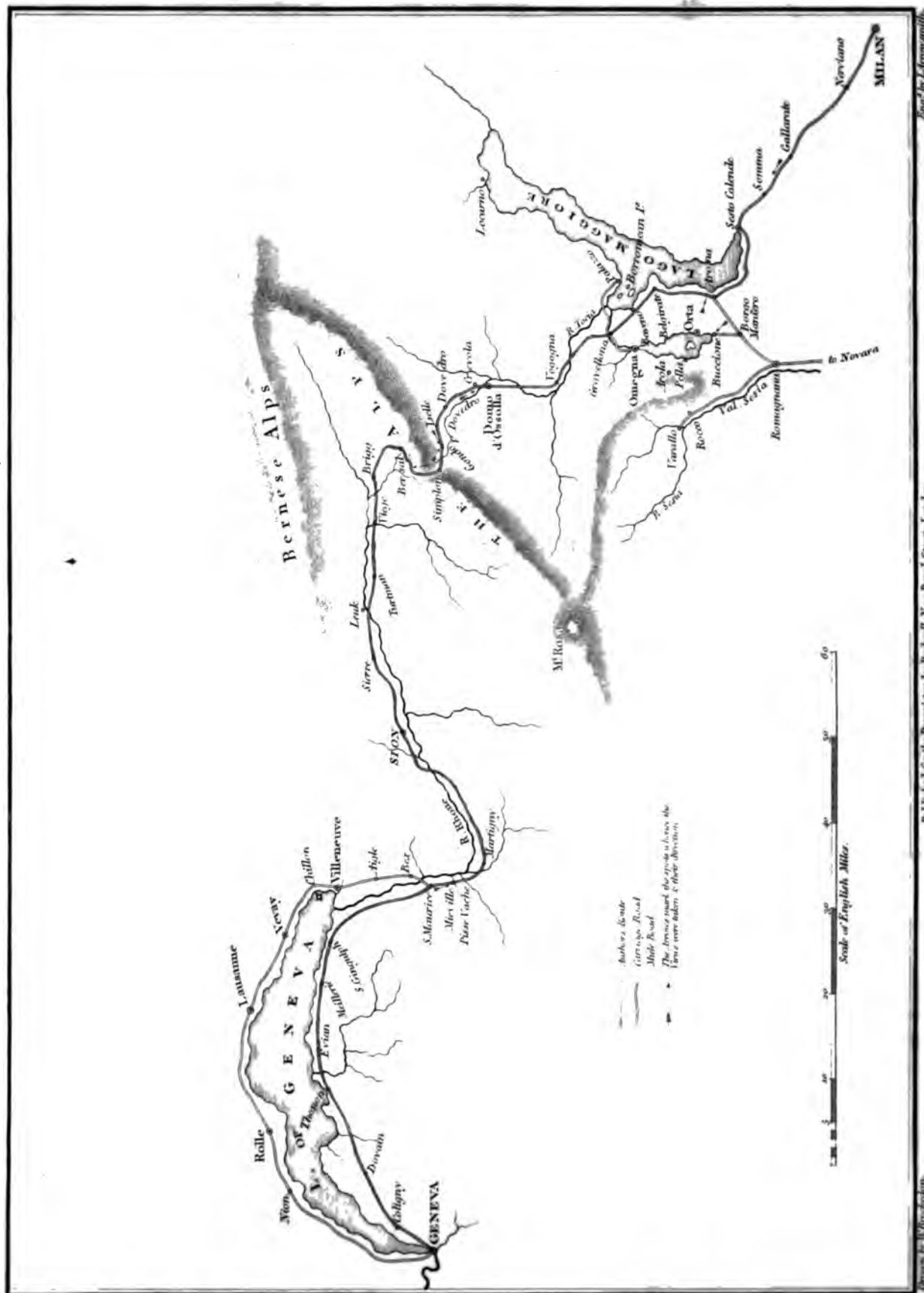
THE MOUNTAINS OF THE ALPS
 IN THE MOUNTAINS OF MOUNTAIN.

Part of the Alps.

London, Nov. 29. Published for the Proprietor, by R. B. Bond, Bond Street.

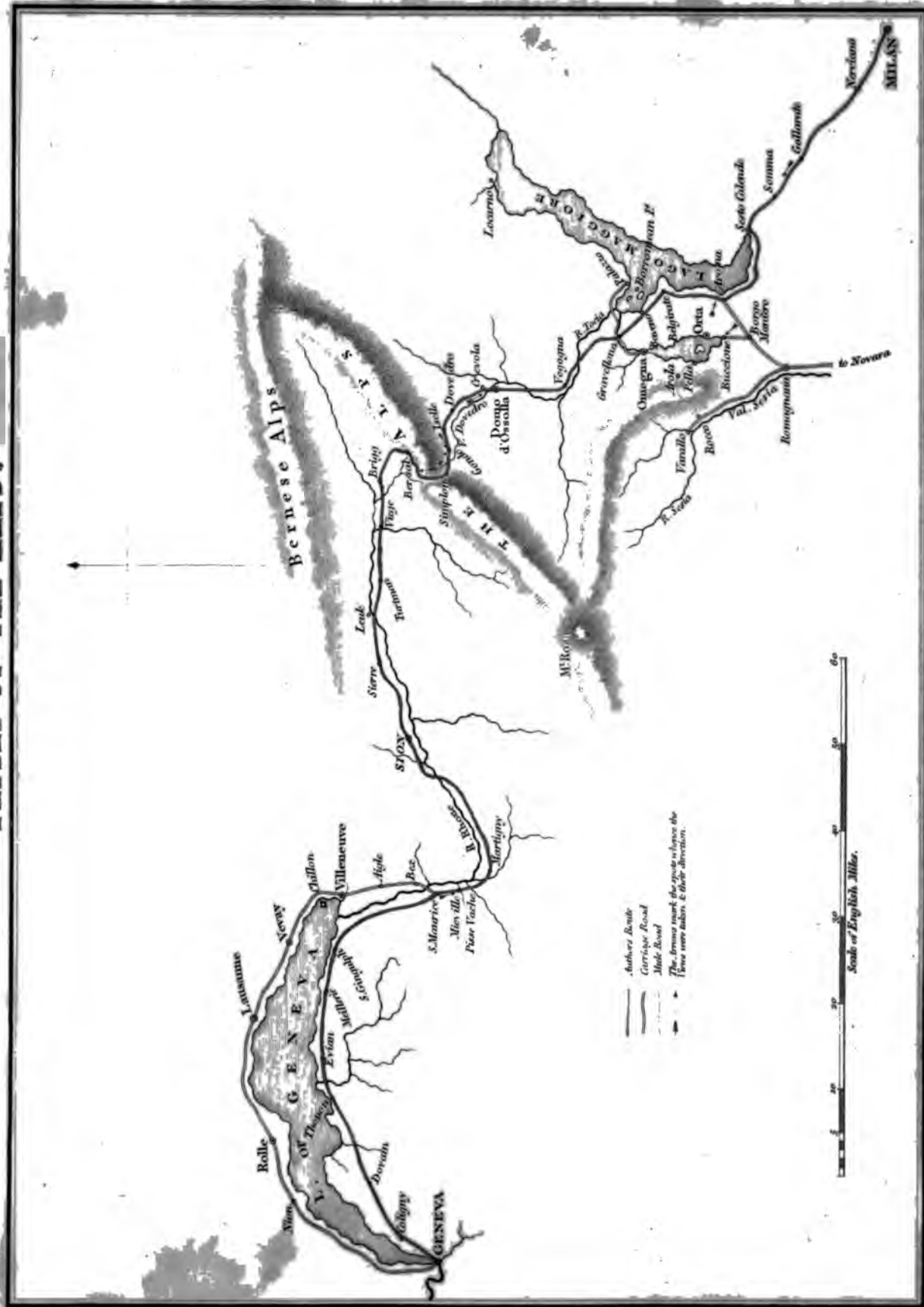


PASSES OF THE ALPS.





PASSES OF THE ALPS.



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE ROUTE OF THE SIMPLON FROM GENEVA TO MILAN.

Published for the Proprietor by Andrew, New Bond Street, London. Drawn by J. H. Sturt.





A
NEW MAP
 to Illustrate Brockedon's
PASSES OF THE ALPS.
Drawn and Engraved.
 By
 J. ARROWSMITH,
 1829.

17

46

45

44



Longitude

Published for

